THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR

ENTERTAINING COMPANION

FOR

THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED

SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

FOR MARCH, 181[illegible].

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This Number is embellished with the following Copper-plates,

1. FERDINAND VII., KING of SPAIN.
2. London AFTERNOON and FULL DRESS.
3. New and elegant PATTERN for a VEIL or DRESS.

LONDON:

Printed for G. ROBINSON, No. 25, Paternoster-Row;

Where Favors from Correspondents continue to be received.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Continuations of the Novels of *Benedict* and the *Fleet Prison* having been received late, are unavoidably postponed: they shall certainly appear in our next.

We hope our new Correspondent from *N. Petherton* will favor us with further contributions: they will always be extremely acceptable.

The *Cottage of Content* — the *Complaint* — and the *Enigma*, we fear, have been mislaid: if C. T. can favor us with other copies, it will be esteemed a favor.

We are obliged to Miss Margaret B—— for the conclusion of her Tale of *The Young Officer*.

The *Suggestions* of L. R. will be attended to as far as may be consistent with our plan.

*** In our next we propose to present our readers with an elegant Portrait, from an undoubted original, of the new Empress of France, LOUISA MARIA of Austria.

THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE.

For MARCH, 1810.

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR OF FERDINAND,

PRINCE OF ASTURIAS AND KING OF SPAIN.

[With his Portrait elegantly engraved from an original Miniature.]

FERDINAND, Prince of the Asturias, and, since the abdication of his father, acknowleged by the greater part of the Spanish nation, and by the British court, as King of Spain, by the title of Ferdinand VII., was born Oct. 14, 1784. His father, Charles IV., ascended the throne Dec. 13, 1788. His mother, the queen of Charles, was, before her marriage, a princess of Parma, named Louisa Maria Theresa; born Dec. 9, 1751, and married to the King of Spain Sept. 4, 1765.

As the principal occurrences in the life of this youthful prince are those which have recently occurred, and are connected with the insidious and daring usurpation of the widely-grasping ambition of Bonapartè, we shall endeavour to give a succinct narrative of that transaction, as far as the conduct of the prince appears to have been implicated in it.

The treacherous and violent proceedings of Bonapartè towards Spain, in detaining and confining the persons of the king and prince of that country, and sending prodigious armies in order to seise by force their crown, in consequence of a pretended abdication in his favor, made while they were in his power, have been such as clearly to evince, that, in the prosecution of his ambitious designs, he is not to be restrained by either faith or honor, nor even by the most servile submission. The subserviency of Spain to all the views of the French government, ever since the peace and alliance concluded with France in the year 1796 by Don Manuel Godoy, the minister and favorite of Charles IV., who, in consequence of having negotiated that treaty, was styled the Prince of the Peace, is universally known. When Bonapartè attained the supreme power, he

found Spain entirely at his devotion; and, when encouraged by unequaled and unvarying success, he formed the ambitious project of substituting his own family for the royal families of many of the European kingdoms, Spain presented itself as both by it's situation, and by the imbecillity of it's government, extremely well suited to become one of the first objects of his attack. As, however, he held it apparently and completely within his grasp, ready to be seised whenever he chose to issue the command, he proceeded to more urgent and difficult enterprises. At last, after the treaty of Tilsit, he found himself at leisure and at full liberty to turn his thoughts to Spain, and his machinations against the royal family and the throne of that country began to appear.

As a preliminary measure, he found a pretext for drawing out of Spain 16,000 of her best troops, and sending them to such a distance that it was not probable they could interfere with his views. He next appears to have proposed to the Prince of Asturias a marriage with a relation of his own, whom he had created a French princess. Don Cevallos * assures us, that Ferdinand agreed to this proposal with much reluctance, and only from the dread of incurring the displeasure of Bonapartè if he refused it; and with the faint hope that his compliance would strengthen the friendship and alliance then subsisting between the two crowns. In the official paper published in the Madrid Gazette on the 31st of March 1808, immediately after the Prince of Asturias succeeded to the throne on the abdication of his father, it is asserted, that, 'with a view of promoting the prosperity of the Spanish empire, he wished, in October 1807, to marry a French princess of the blood; and that the steps he had taken for that purpose were perfectly his own, and without compulsion.' This latter declaration, however, first published to the world at a time when the favor and protection of Bonapartè might appear essentially necessary to secure and protect his newly-acquired dignity, cannot be suffered to weigh in favor of the voluntary nature of this step, against the positive declaration of Cevallos, that he was overpowered by the persuasions of the French ambassador at Madrid, and the dread of Bonapartè's displeasure. The object Bonapartè had in view it is not easy to conjecture. It is by no means probable that the marriage of Ferdinand with a French princess would have preserved to him the throne of Spain. The removal of the Bourbon family appears to have been determined upon before the proposal of this marriage was made. This circumstance, and the known policy of Bonapartè, strengthen the opinion of Cevallos, that the proposal of marriage was intended to excite and ferment discord in the royal family of

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* Author of the narrative intitled 'An Exposition of the Practices and Machinations which led to the Usurpation of the Crown of Spain, and the Means adopted by the Emperor of the French to it carry into Execution.' He had been secretary of state to Charles IV., and subsequently to Ferdinand VII., and likewise, for a short time, to Joseph Bonapartè himself, when he was advanced to the throne of Spain, on the forced resignation of the royal family; he, consequently, had it at least in his power to obtain the most authentic information.

Spain, and, probably, at the same time, by holding forth a measure that promised to secure a community of interest, to blind Ferdinand to his real designs.

Soon after Ferdinand had agreed to the wish of Bonapartè in this point, a conspiracy was said to have been detected at Madrid against the life of Charles. The prince was accused of having formed this: a decree was issued in the name of the king, charging him with this conspiracy, and the prince was imprisoned in the monastery of St. Laurence. It seems impossible to gain a clear and full knowlege of this strange and mysterious business. According to the accounts published at the time, Ferdinand softened the just resentment of his father, by a written confession, in which, however, he certainly did not by any means appear to acknowlege the guilt of which he was accused. In this consisted no inconsiderable portion of the mystery. Ferdidand is accused, in a royal decree, of having conspired against the life of his father; he writes a humble and penitent letter to his royal parents, which, though unsatisfactory on the alleged cause of his imprisonment, procures him his liberty and restores him to their favor. As soon as Ferdinand ascended the throne, in March 1808, a brief official account of this obscure transaction was published in the Madrid Gazette. According to this statement, on the 28th of October 1807, Charles IV. sent to the secretary of the several departments of justice, certain papers, said to have been found in the possession of the Prince of Asturias. One of these papers contained different figures, designed to form a system of ciphers: another, and the only one of importance, or at all connected with the transactions that followed, was a memoir, written in Ferdinand's own hand-writing, the object of which was to represent to his father the real character and unjust proceedings of the prince of the peace. This memoir concluded by Ferdinand intreating his father, if he did not approve of the proposal to inquire into the truth of the allegations against the favorite, to keep it a secret, in order to avert the dangers to which he would otherwise be exposed. The following day the prince was arrested, agreeably to a determination of the secretary-general of the cabinet, and the provisional president of the council, who had met, by order of the king, in his apartments, to deliberate on the subject. Immediately after the arrest of Ferdinand, the royal decree was issued, declaring him and his servants traitors to their sovereign. This order, according to the deposition of the prince and four secretaries of the departments of war and justice, was entirely written in the hand-writing of Don Manuel Godoy. While Ferdinand was in the act of making a judicial exculpation of himself to the Marquis de Cabellero, secretary of the general department of justice, the prince of the peace entered the apartments of the Escurial where he was, and presented to him a copy of the letter, by which he was made to ask pardon of his royal father.

This account naturally leads the mind to suspect the prince of the peace as the accuser of Ferdinand. He doubtless was informed by Charles of the memorial found among the papers of his son; and

the accidental circumstance of the paper covered with ciphers presented too favorable an opportunity to be neglected, of turning aside the suspicions of the king from himself to Ferdinand, and at the same time of wreaking his vengeance, and perhaps of removing the only obstacle which opposed his views. To this opinion Cevallos strongly inclines. He also offers the most satisfactory reason for the prince of the peace having so soon changed his plans: perceiving that the imprisonment of Ferdinand, so far from answering his expectations, produced a directly opposite effect; that the accusation, so far from gaining any credit, was universally ascribed to the calumny and intrigues of Ferdinand's enemies; and that he himself was not free from suspicion, while the royal prisoner drew a more than common share of attention and interest; he had recourse to the means already detailed for procuring the prince his liberty. There is also strong reason to believe, and Cevallos favors the opinion, that Napoleon was concerned, as well as the prince of the peace, in the whole of this business. As Ferdinand certainly presented a much more formidable obstacle to his views than Charles did, he would not hesitate about adopting any measures that were likely to remove him; but perceiving that the accusation and imprisonment of Ferdinand roused the interest and indignation of the people, he thought it more prudent to forego the violent measure of his destruction. Bonapartè found a more ready instrument in the prince of the peace, inasmuch as the latter, while forwarding the views and executing the commands of the former, blindly thought that he was advancing his own interest.

Nearly about the same time that these intrigues were carrying on in Spain, a secret treaty of a very singular nature was signed at Fontainebleau by Don Eugenio Isquierdo, as plenipotentiary of his catholic majesty, and marshal Duroc in the name of the emperor of the French. By this treaty, the division of Portugal was agreed upon: part of it was to be bestowed upon the King of Etruria, with the title of King of Northern Lusitania; part was allotted to the Prince of the Peace, with the title of Prince of the Algarves: the remaining provinces were to remain undisposed of till a general peace; with the hope, it appears from the 8th article of the treaty, of being then able, by means of it, to purchase the cession of Gibraltar, Trinidad, &c. by delivering them up to their rightful sovereign, the house of Braganza. By the 12th article of this extraordinary treaty, the emperor of the French agrees to acknowlege his catholic majesty as emperor of the two Americas, 'when every thing is ready for his majesty's assuming that title, which may either be at the general peace, or, at furthest, within three years therefrom.' The king of Northern Lusitania, and the prince of the Algarves, as well as the sovereign who should acquire the remainder of Portugal, were to acknowlege as protector the king of Spain, and in no case to make peace or war without his consent.

This treaty of course required the means by which it was to be carried into execution to be ascertained and agreed upon. A secret convention was concluded for this

purpose, by which it was determined that a French army of 25,000 infantry and 3,000 cavalry should enter Spain, and march directly for Lisbon, and that they should be joined by 8,000 Spanish infantry and 3,000 cavalry, with 30 pieces of artillery; that 16,000 Spanish troops should also occupy other parts of Portugal; and that a body of 40,000 French troops should be assembled at Bayonne by the 20th of Nov. 1807, to be ready to proceed through Spain into Portugal, in case the English should send reinforcements thither. The central, or most numerous army, that was immediately to enter Spain for Portugal, were to be subject to the commands of a French general.

Thus did Napoleon procure the admission of a large army into Spain, Charles having agreed to a treaty, the provisions of which were expressly to be carried into execution by means of this army, could not well have objected to it's entering his territories, even though he had clearly foreseen the purposes it was intended to answer. But it was not sufficient for Bonapartè that he had got his army into the heart of Spain. In order that he might possess the firmest power over that kingdom, it was necessary to obtain possession of it's principal fortresses. Under the pretence, therefore, of consulting the security of his troops, he got possession of the forts of Pampeluna, St. Sebastian, Figueiras, and Barcelona. Thus he not only secured himself a firm footing, but, by holding the keys of the kingdom, he had it in his power to introduce any additional number of soldiers. It is impossible to ascertain the number of French troops which Bonapartè marched into Spain under the pretext of occupying Portugal, and fulfilling the treaty of Fontainebleau; but, by an official return, published about the end of January 1808, it appears that, between the 19th of October 1807, and the 18th of January 1808, no less than 71,789 infantry, and 10,104 cavalry, had entered Spain through Irun.

Bonapartè having secured himself a firm footing in Spain, had now recourse to measures which he hoped would free him entirely from the royal family. For this purpose, their fears were to be wrought upon: he accordingly sent a letter to Charles, complaining in angry and reproachful terms that his majesty had not renewed the proposals which had been made some time before, for the marriage of his son Ferdinand with a French princess. Charles answered that the marriage was still agreeable to his wishes and plans, and that it should immediately take place. When Bonapartè found that the threats and appearance of anger in his letter had failed in producing the intended effect, he determined to speak his wishes more plainly, and Isquierdo, who had been detained at Paris since the signing of the treaty of Fontainebleau, was chosen to intimate them. He was sent to Aranjuez, but carried no written proposals with him, nor was he to receive any; and he was commanded not to prolong his stay above three days. Immediately on his arrival at Aranjuez, he was conducted by Godoy to the king and queen. What passed remained completely secret; but soon after he set out on his return

to Paris, their majesties began to incline to the plan of emigrating to their South American territories. This circumstance of the king having formed his intention of emigrating immediately after an interview with a messenger from Bonapartè, renders it probable that he had caused the plan of emigration so be suggested to them by means of Isquierdo, either as a method of eluding his vengeance, or as a commutation which he graciously offered them for the more severe punishment of imprisonment or death. The idea, coming to them either as the suggestion of a friend anxious to withdraw them from the vengeance of Bonapartè, or as the alternative proposed to them by Bonapartè himself, was equally sure of meeting their approbation, beset as they were, on every side, with actual and apprehended danger.

It is not easy to determine whether the prince of the peace joined in persuading the king to adopt the plan of emigrating, because he knew it was agreeable to Bonapartè, or because he hoped, by accompanying the royal family, to escape his displeasure. He certainly felt himself less firm and secure in the friendship and protection of Napoleon than was necessary for his tranquillity or safety; and it is by no means improbable, that he might entertain the hope of being able, by encouraging and carrying through the plan of emigration, at once to sooth Bonapartè, and to escape along with the royal family from his vengeance. But it was not to be expected that this intention should long be kept secret, notwithstanding the utmost circumspection and precaution. Besides the preliminary measures which it was necessary to concert, the acquiescence of the Prince of Asturias and his brother was to be obtained. This unavoidably divulged the scheme to Ferdinand's party; while the open and profuse preparations of the favorite attracted the attention, and roused the apprehensions both of his enemies and of the king's friends.

[To be continued.]

London Fashionable Afternoon and Full Dress.

1. A SHORT dress of spotted India muslin, with puckered sleeves, and the front richly ornamented with silver trimming and lace; over the dress a Persian robe of rich figured amber sarcenet, made without sleeves, and loose from the shoulders. Turban, head-dress of crimson velvet, incircled with an Indian handkerchief, or a rolleau of silver muslin; girdle and armlets of gold, studded with cornelian or rubies. White shoes and gloves.

2. A short train dress of worked muslin, with lace sleeves, tied round the waist with a narrow satin ribbon, in a bow on the right side and long ends. Head-dress, a small cap of white satin and lace, with a plaited front, edged with silver. Blue figured sarcenet scarf, White gloves and shoes.

VIRTUOUS LOVE REWARDED.

A TALE.

By Miss Wyndham Foot James.

[Concluded from p. 32.]

CHAP. V.

MISS Julia received, in answer to the letter which she sent to Clementina, another to the following effect:

'My dear Miss Julia will excuse this laconic answer to her very obliging epistle, the contents of which has exculpated the inconceivable conduct of her brother; but my time is wholly engrossed in attending my father — yes, dear madam, I am now blessed in a father and a brother; but the former has been unfortunately thrown from his phaeton, and ever since he has been in a perilous situation. He now requests my presence, therefore adieu!

'CLEMENTINA.

'P. S. The first opportunity, hope you will extend your morning's ramble to the farm.'

The enthusiastic pleasure which glowed in the noble breast of Adolphus whilst he perused these lines, transcends description. Accompanied by his lovely sister, he went as soon as possible to the farm. They were pleasingly surprised at finding that the humble orphan Clementina was the daughter of the Earl of Orton, late the Hon. Maximilian Henderson. This gentleman disobliged his father by marrying a clergyman's daughter, whose only portion was her beauty. His lordship was so greatly incensed, that he never saw him afterward. At his death he bequeathed to him not a shilling, but left the whole of his immense property to Lord Henderson, his eldest son. This nobleman was of an arrogant and parsimonious disposition: the former quality caused him to despise an indigent brother, the latter to amass wealth which he was unwilling to make use of.

Mr. and Mrs. Henderson resided with Mr. Garth, the father of the latter, who in fact was their only supporter. The death of this gentleman, which happened about four years after Mr. Henderson's union with his lovely Isabel, was the greatest affliction to them, and they were reduced to the most trying extremities. In vain did Mr. Henderson write to supplicate assistance of his haughty brother, who in ostentatious splendor sailed stately on the ocean of life; while, on the contrary, poor Maximilian was driven every moment by adverse winds among the shoals of affliction, and frequently threatened to be swallowed in the gulphs of misery. The delicate health of his amiable wife declined daily: but, in the midst of these distresses, she, under a smiling and cheerful aspect, endeavoured to conceal the increase of those maladies which were undermining her fragile frame. Often, when from the presence of her afflicted husband, she wept at their sad destiny, and sighed:

'O! that I were laid in the peaceful grave
With my poor parents, and at rest as they are!'

But when she gazed on her smiling infant, and little lisping boy, she recalled what she had inadvertently uttered, and wished to

live. Frequently would the prattling Horatio, when he beheld her drowned in tears, run to her, saying: 'Do not cry, dear mamma; we must, as papa says, hope for better days: and then, you know, you tell me there is a world beyond the grave, where, if we are good — and I will try to be good, mamma — we shall all be happy, and where we shall meet grandpapa; therefore do not cry, dear, dear mamma.'

Mrs. Henderson but a short time coped with those difficulties, which are so often found to chequer this mortal state:

> 'Her exulting spirit, purified by pain,
> Releas'd from thraldom of it's mortal chain,
> Congenial spirits sought, and kindred skies,
> Where tears are wip'd for ever from all eyes!'

Mr. Henderson was infinitely grieved at the loss of his Isabel; and, in the height of his despair, he, with his eldest son, set sail for foreign climes, leaving his infant daughter Clementina to the care of a faithful domestic. At Jamaica he became agent to a rich planter, who, being much pleased with him for his probity, and facility in the management of his affairs, took him into partnership; and, at his death, left him the whole of his immense fortune, which amounted to three hundred thousand pounds.

Surrounded by luxury and prosperity, Mr. Henderson thought not of his angelic daughter. He once desired an acquaintance, who was coming to England, to make inquiry concerning her; but, as it was many years after that Mary Adams had left the village of H*****, he could obtain no intelligence of her. When Horatio came to years of maturity, hearing that in all probability he had a sister in England, he was continually importuning his father to leave Jamaica, and embark for Albion's delightful shores. Mr. Henderson at last consented; and, to use the words of that great genius, the immortal translator of Homer,

> 'They soon were wafted o'er the rolling main.'

At their arrival in London, Mr. Henderson found that his brother was recently deceased. His lordship having left no issue, consequently Mr. Henderson succeeded to the title and patrimony.

Accompanied by his amiable son, his lordship repaired to the village of H****, to seek his daughter. But he could gain no other intelligence but what the gentleman whom he commissioned to inquire had previously received. His sorrow and disappointment rendered him absolutely miserable; and he declared, that, if he could not find Clementina, he would return to Jamaica. In disconsolate grief and dejection, with an intention of returning to the town of S****, he drove along the road. A faithful black servant, who was fallen fast asleep, was with him in the phaeton. Lord Henderson preceded on horseback. As the earl passed Ashton's dwelling, Clementina, who was walking in the garden, engaged his attention.

'What a striking resemblance,' thought his lordship, 'does that young person bear to my ever-to-be-regretted Isabel! It must certainly be my long lost child Clementina!'

Whilst he thus ruminated, he unconsciously let the reins fall from his hand, and, having passed the garden, turned to take a retrospective glance of the interesting stranger. The horses, finding themselves at liberty, set off with amazing celerity, and, bounding over a part of the road that rose almost perpendicularly, overturned the carriage, which was uncommonly lofty. The earl was dashed to the ground with great violence, and thrown many yards distant. The commotion awakened the poor black from his slumber: seeing that his master lay apparently inanimate, he began, in the most piteous accents, bewailing him as dead. Ashton's house being the only one that was near, his lordship was brought thither. A surgeon was immediately sent for, who pronounced him to be in imminent danger. He had received many contusions, and, though he spoke, was nearly insensible. The amiable Clementina, and the worthy Mrs. Ashton, endeavoured to render every assistance; but, whenever the former approached him, he exclaimed: 'Do not thus pursue me, Isabel; I have sought, but cannot find her.'

Lord Henderson, hearing Mrs. Ashton call the beauteous stranger by the name of Clementina, asked, if she were her own daughter? The good woman, in reply to his interrogation, stated the account of the death of Mary Adams, and every incident concerning her. His lordship's joy at hearing her detail was unbounded: 'O! dear madam,' said he, 'how infinitely are we indebted to you! for the amiable orphan whom you have brought up with such tender care, is no other than my dear, my long lost sister!'

This intelligence was communicated with the utmost caution to the earl, who often inquired if his daughter were found?

To Clementina all appeared an illusion, a dream. She attended her father, who would not suffer her to go from his sight, with the most unremitted attention.

Lord Henderson and Mr. Cleveland became very great friends; nor was his lordship inattentive to the lovely Julia.

When this amiable young lady and her brother returned home, they apprised their father of every circumstance concerning their much loved friend, and her esteemed relatives. Ferdinand, who was in the room at the time, and who had been laughing over a letter which Raymond had sent to him, on account of Emily's marriage with Lord Bolton, at hearing their account, sunk, in stupid astonishment, upon the sofa, whilst the diverting paper fell unregarded from his hand. Raymond's letter was as follows:

'Sir,

'I urd isterday that your deer sistur—I say your deer sistur, because I shal ever luve hur—is mary'd. I allways feered that tittled genttleman, thoug you allways tolled me not too; but you now see, ser, that I um the wiseest, I 'ud ofer myselff to your uther sistur, onely I don't like hur quarter so wel as I do Mis Emele, Lady Boltun I shud say. I, owever, ate disapointments; and, too-morow wick, for hall the laff of the world, I shal bee mary'd to Pheebee. Hope too ave the plesure

of your companny at weddin. I remain,

'Sir,

'your servent,

'MARK RAYMOND.'

Lord Cleveland, as his son's affections were irreversably fixed on Lady Clementina, was greatly pleased at hearing that her ladyship's father possessed so immense a fortune. Lord Cleveland was not avaricious, but he was apprehensive that, should his sons marry with persons who were destitute of wealth, the hereditary pageantry of their antient family would decline.—

'When at the university,' said his lordship, 'I was extremely intimate with a Mr. Henderson, who was son to the Earl of Orton; and the gentleman at Ashton's is undoubtedly the same person. To-morrow, Adolphus,' continued his lordship, 'we will walk to the farm.'

Accordingly they went thither. They found Lord Orton, who was much better, seated down stairs in the parlour. His lordship immediately recognised his old fellow-collegiate.

'Ah! my friend,' said he, 'sad turmoils have I experienced since our careless wanderings by the margin of Cam.'

Lord Cleveland made an apposite reply. His lordship sent for his coach, and, when it arrived, he insisted that the earl, his son, and daughter, should accompany him home, and likewise that they should remain at his house until his lordship should be in a perfect state of convalescency. This was assented to. Mr. and Mrs. Ashton were sorry to part with their beloved Clementina; but she assured them that she should often pay them a visit.

'Believe me,' said she, 'my dear father and mother, for so I shall ever call you, you will never be forgotten.'

Lady Cleveland soon became prejudiced in favor of Clementina. The latter, the second evening of her being at Beach Park, was standing in the recess of the drawing-room window, gazing on the resplendent moon, as she rose in clouded majesty from behind the blue hills, when the former and Adolphus entered. They did not perceive the lovely Clementina, who likewise knew not that any person was in the room.

Lady Cleveland seated herself upon the sofa, saying: 'I was just now, my dear Adolphus, observing to your sister, that you had divested yourself of your late pensive abstraction; but,' said her ladyship, smiling, 'the change, I believe, must be attributed to Lady Clementina. Well,' she continued, 'I admire your choice; her ladyship is certainly one of the most engaging and beautiful young persons I have ever beheld.'

'Ah! dear madam,' returned Adolphus, 'how grateful are those encomiums!'

Clementina, who despised the meanness of listening, and who would have been too much embarrassed had she appeared, perceiving that the door was open, unobserved left the room.

Having in the morning left some pieces of music in the library, she went to fetch them. Ferdinand, who was seated there, arose at her entrance, and began pacing forwards and backwards across the room. Whilst her ladyship ar-

ranged the unfolded papers, he said:—'Can the amiable Lady Clementina pardon a wretch, who, since his late degrading conduct, absolutely detests himself? Inadvertence and thoughtlessness,' continued he, 'precipitated me to the committing of a baseness which calm reason and reflection cause me now to despise.'

'Well, Sir,' returned her ladyship, 'I credit your veracity. Youth is often fallible. I do not wish to recapitulate past events; but, alas! for me, had I been decoyed by your machinations!' she continued, 'However, Sir, I most sincerely forgive you.'

He raised her hand to his lips, and thus said:

'But, dear Lady Clementina, though I have obtained your forgiveness, yet still am I most wretched. Ah! amiable madam,' continued he, 'may I hope to possess your friendship and esteem?'—She answered: 'My friendship and esteem, Sir, are at your service. Believe me, I shall ever respect any of the family of Lord Cleveland.' Ferdinand made no reply; but continued walking about absorbed in thought. He well knew that his brother possessed her ladyship's affection; her letter was a corroborating testimony of it: but blind love suppressed despairing reason; and, ere the beauteous Clementina left the room, he thus addressed her:—

'Oh! Lady Clementina, I scarcely dare hope it; but can you, will you return that ardent love, which, from the first time I beheld you, has glowed in my heart; but which, alas! has, of late, corroded it.'

Her ladyship replied: 'You well know, Sir, to whom my vows are plighted. I am extremely sorry that you still entertain an affection for me. May you soon find an amiable object on whom to transfer it. By me, it can never be returned.'

He bowed, and sighed profoundly; and, with an aspect that fully exhibited the anguish of his mind, withdrew. As he closed the door, a tear dropped from the soft blue eye of her ladyship, who was sorry at being, though innocently, the cause of unhappiness to any one.

In three weeks' time, the health of the Earl was perfectly restored; and his lordship, with the greatest pleasure, beheld the reciprocal attachment that existed between his lovely daughter and the elegant Adolphus.

'Your amiable son,' said he to Lord Cleveland,' 'is alone deserving of my Clementina, who, this morning, blushingly confessed he had long loved her. Mr. Cleveland's affection for my dear girl,' continued his lordship, 'being previous to his knowlege of whom she was, convinces me that his attachment is not from mercenary motives, from which, alas! the generality of mankind too often marry. One hundred and fifty thousand pounds, which is the portion I shall give to Clementina, would, to many a libertine, be a tempting prize.'

It may be conjectured that Lord Cleveland hesitated not a moment in giving his consent. He, in the most high-flown terms, expressed his satisfaction and delight at an alliance with so illustrious a family as his lordship's; and concluded with passing innumerable eulogiums on Clementina.

Soon after Lord Orton walked to

the setting-room, where he found the lovers. Adolphus was leaning over the chair of Clementina, who was drawing—'Your father and myself,' said his lordship to Mr. Cleveland, as he advanced up the room, 'have been concerting a treaty of marriage.' At this Clementina blushed deeply, whilst pleasure sparkled in the fine hazel eyes of Adolphus. 'It now only remains,' resumed his lordship, 'to obtain the consent of the young persons, and their nomination of the nuptial day. To you, Mr. Cleveland,' continued he, taking his hand and joining it to Clementina's, 'I give my dear and amiable daughter. Receive her as the most precious gift in my power to bestow!'

'Oh, my lord!' said Adolphus, sinking before him, you have given me a treasure inestimable, for which I know not how to express my gratitude.'

'Rise,' returned his lordship, 'and may heaven grant you both long and permanent happiness.' So saying, he left them. The enraptured Adolphus folded his beloved Clementina in his arms, whilst she hid her blushing face in his bosom. He pressed her to consummate his bliss, by naming the bridal day, to which, after a little tender rhetoric, and the solicitations of Lady and Miss Cleveland, who came into the room, and to whom Lord Orton had communicated their happiness, she consented.

To Mr. and Mrs. Ashton Lord Orton gave a delightful villa, and his lordship settled on them five hundred a-year. They were present at the solemnization of their beloved Clementina's nuptials.

Never, perhaps, did Hymen bind in his flowery bands a more beauteous bride than her ladyship appeared on the evening of her marriage. She wore, over a dress of white sarcenet, a beautiful robe of Brussels lace. An elegant set of pearls, together with the portrait of her Adolphus, (a present of Lady Cleveland's) which, surrounded with costly diamonds, hung suspended from her necklace, completed the sumptuousness of her attire. At ten o'clock in the evening, the ceremony was performed in the saloon; after which the happy couple, in an elegant chariot and four, set off to a pleasant seat of Lord Cleveland's, prepared for their reception.

Soon after this blissful marriage, another was consummated between Lord Henderson and Miss Julia.

Sir Theobald was likewise blest with the hand of Lady Dormer.

Ferdinand, to annihilate his passion for Lady Clementina, made the tour of Europe; but a winter in town would have been equally as efficacious. Love, in his breast, was ardent and violent; but mutable as the hue of the camelion, and transient as the meteor of evening.

> 'Ev'n as one heat another heat expels,
> So the remembrance of his former love,
> Was by a newer object quite forgotten.'

In Italy he saw the beautiful Theresa Poretti, daughter to a count of the same name, and, falling violently in love with her, obtained her consent, and was married.

Lady Clementina and Mr. Cleveland were exemplars of connubial felicity.

Indeed they were all blest with happiness so far as it extends to

frail mortals in this evanescent state, where

'New sorrow rises as the day returns,
A sister sickens, or a daughter mourns;
Year chases year, decay pursues decay,
Still drops some joy from with'ring life away.

Lidney, Gloucestershire.

AUGUSTUS AND ROSABELLE.

A TALE.

SIR Arthur Fitz Clare was the representative of a respectable family in Devonshire, more esteemed for their many amiable virtues than their immense riches. Early in life he had married a lovely and virtuous woman, who, at the age of twenty-one sought the mansions of eternal bliss, leaving to her disconsolate husband the darling legacy of an only son, who scarcely dawned upon light ere he was deprived of it's angel mother. Sir Arthur had his son named Augustus, because he had often heard his lost Margaret express her predilection of that name.

The incidents of childhood are unamusing to some, and tiresome to others; we shall therefore pass over that period of Augustus' life, and present him to our readers at the age of twenty-four; the last seven years of which he had spent in the army, and was now on a visit to his father. In the mornings Augustus was generally an early riser, and usually up before his father, who seldom rose till nine. One fine morning, about six o'clock, he sauntered out with his gun in search of game; and after having been out nearly two hours, and having been pretty successful, be bent his steps toward a romantic glen that had been a great haunt of his in his infancy. He had not walked far when her perceived, through the trees, two ladies walking at a distance. By their dress and appearance they seemed to be very young, and one of them was considerably taller than the other.

In the neighbourhood of Fitz Clare house there were very few gentlemen's seats, and those that were, were at too great a distance to allow the ladies of the family to be walking near that mansion so early in the morning. A degree of curiosity he could not refrain from, to know who the ladies were, made him quicken his pace to overtake them; and a small gate, which impeded their progress, allowed him time to come up with them. He politely opened the gate, and stood to let them pass: they bowed their thanks, and discovered to Augustus two of the loveliest faces he had ever seen. They walked on, but Augustus had seen enough to make him wish for a nearer acquaintance. He put the usual questions —'A delightful morning for walking!'—'Have you been walking far?' &c. &c.: The ladies answered him in as few words as possible, and opening a small wicket that led to a neat farm-house, wished him good morning, and departed. Augustus stood gazing after them till they were no longer in sight; and then with a sigh he could not account for, turned and slowly proceeded homewards. He had not walked many paces when he met a man whom he had known from his childhood. Augustus stepped up to him saying, 'Good morning to you, John; how have you been this long time?'—'Lord

bless us!' exclaimed the man, (after he had examined Augustus attentively) if this beant yong Mr. Fitz Clare; why yow be growen such a fine tall yong gentlemun that I did not know you when you spoke first! Well I be main glad to see thee, how dost do?'

Never better,' replied Augustus, is all your family quite well? and my old playmate Will, is he gone out to trade, or does he remain at home and help you take care of your farm?'

'Will has turned out a sad lad,' replied John, 'much sorrow has he caused wife and me by his bad ways: he spent his whole time at the alehouse, and it is now three years, come November, since he inlisted with a sergeant in one of his drunken fits.'

'Have you never heard of him since then?' asked Augustus.

'Why, yes, your honor,' replied John, 'we had a letter from him repenting sorely of his evil conduct, and wishing he was back again with his old father and mother, but the thing that is done can't be undone, as they say, so Will must be content where he is, he has no body to blame but himself. Bless my heart, what a fine handsome gentleman you are, there is not the like of you in the whole country round, why it is only like a year or two since I remember you running out and in to our house, and thumping my wife and me heartily with the ladle, because we would not give you the great tub to sail in the pond with.'

'I have been quite free and easy, said Augustus laughing; but pray can you tell me who lives in that farm-house?'

'Why it be farmer Hodginkins that lives in that there house,' replied John; bless your heart I remember him a poor little ragged boy keeping Mr Elmour's sheep, but now he has shot up a maise rich man, and will hardly speak to us poor folks.'

'Has he any daughters?' said Augustus.

'Bless you, no,' answered John; 'he has been twice married, but he never had any children; his first wife was the daughter of....'

Augustus had no wish to hear the history of farmer Hodginkins and his two wives, therefore, interrupting John, he asked if there were any young ladies staid with him, as he had seen two enter his house a few minutes ago.

'Oh! you mean his lodgers,' said John, 'why, yes, there be a lady and her two daughters staying with him just now.'

'And who are they?' said Augustus; 'what are their names?'

'Indeed,' your honor, 'that's more than I can tell you; they have been here only these two weeks, and as I had no curiosity about them, I never once asked their names, nor where they came from. Bless my heart, I quite forgot I had a message to deliver to Mr. Elmour, I was so joyous at seeing you that I forgot every thing: Good day, your honor.'

Augustus returned his salute, and walked home. What his thoughts were I cannot pretend to say, but certain it is, that farmer Hodginkins' lodgers were not forgotten. On entering the parlour he found his father seated at the breakfast-table, reading a letter.

'Good morning to you, Augustus,' said Sir Arthur as his son entered the room, 'I have just now received a letter from Mr Heathly, who tells me he means

to pay us a visit attended by his wife and daughter, and intends being with us on the 30th, which is to morrow.'

Augustus bowed, and endeavoured to hide his confusion. He was not a stranger to his father's wishes with regard to Miss Heathly. From their infancy they had been intended for each other, nor had that intention been concealed from either. Augustus had never seen Miss Heathly, consequently was ignorant of the qualifications and accomplishments of his bride elect. Her person indeed, Sir Arthur had often told him, was beautiful: admirer as Augustus was of beauty, mere loveliness alone could not attract him; he had, without being able to account for it, even to himself, a strong aversion to Miss Heathly, although he had never seen her, and, strange to tell, his slight interview that morning with the strangers had heightened it not a little.

The day passed unnoticed till the afternoon, when they were engaged to dine with Mr. Elmour. When they arrived there, Augustus beheld with no small degree of surprize and pleasure his fair incognito seated beside Mrs. Elmour. Mr. Elmour introduced them as Miss Rosabelle and Miss Louisa Westerville; and leading Sir Arthur and his son over to a middle aged lady, who still bore the remains of extreme beauty, introduced her as Mrs. Westerville, the mother of Rosabelle and Louisa.

Augustus seated himself opposite Rosabelle at dinner, and had an opportunity of observing her lovely countenance. The gaze of Fitz Clare disconcerted the modest Rosabelle, who, blushing, cast down her eyes, and endeavoured to begin a conversation with her next neighbour.

Rosabelle Westerville had completed her eighteenth year a few weeks before her introduction to Augustus Fitz Clare. In her person she was elegantly formed, and taller than the middle size, neither too full nor too thin. Her face was oval, and full of expression. Her eyes dark blue, and meltingly languishing. The rose and the lily were blended in her complexion. Her mouth was small and beautifully formed, discovering, when she smiled, teeth white and even as ivory. Yet, if Rosabelle's features had been examined separately, they would have been found far from perfect; but, taken altogether, few would not have preferred them to perfect regularity.

Louisa Westerville was a year younger than her sister, not so tall, but of an extremely handsome figure. Her eyes were of the same color, and full of vivacity. Her complexion good, but inclining to the brunette. She had a fine white forehead, and beautifully arched eye-brows.

Mrs. Westerville was the widow of a major in the army, who died bravely fighting for his country. He was the only brother of a man of great fortune, who died six years after the major. The fortune and estate of the deceased was claimed by Mrs. Westerville in behalf of her daughters, as the nearest relations of their uncle, and by a Mr. Lisby, as being the nearest male heir. The cause was committed to the law, and, in the interval, Mrs. Westerville, whose circumstances were far from affluent, retired with her daughters to the country, to wait there the

issue of the suit. Mrs. Elmour was a distant relation of hers, and had ever been on the most friendly footing. Mr. Elmour was very pressing to induce her to make his house her home; but Mrs. Westerville declined it, and took the lodging to be let at farmer Hodginkins, as the situation was near her friends.

MARGARET.

[*To be continued.*]

To the EDITOR *of the* LADY'S MAGAZINE.

SIR,

I AM one of that class of females generally known under the appellation of Old Maids, although I only completed my forty-ninth year last month. Now, sir, I think it is very illiberal and unjust in your sex to ridicule those of ours whom they have neglected; and, as I am not one of those who are indifferent to the sneers of the world, I candidly confess I am often exceedingly mortified. I wonder very frequently that I cannot be so happy as my next door neighbours, two maiden ladies, who live in a state of happiness rarely to be met with in any rank of life, whether married or single. It was but last week I kept my bed for two days, occasioned by hearing that an acquaintance of mine, only two or three years younger than myself, was married to a young and handsome man. Now, Mr. Editor, I have done all that woman could do to get a husband; I have frequented balls, assemblies, routs, and card-parties, and, in short, every place where there was any likelihood of meeting, or being seen, by men, but all to no purpose. I have dressed myself in the most youthful attire, and displayed a thousand little graceful airs, but all in vain — the men will not even look at me, unless it be to pass satirical remarks and sneers. I am nearly half dead with spleen, mortification, and envy: never was poor creature so tormented. But I am determined to have a husband! I will no longer live an old maid! I have seen some advertisements for wives, and why may not I advertise for a husband. Now, Mr. Editor, as your Magazine is, I believe, in general circulation throughout all the different parts of the kingdom, I prefer it to the newspapers, as every one mostly gets a different paper. As I do not wish to deceive any person, I shall give a faithful description of myself; and I expect those who incline to answer me to do the same.

In my person I am rather short, being only four feet two, and a little deformed, although hardly perceptible—by the stuffing of my stays. My head is rather large in proportion to the rest of my body, and ornamented with a profusion of golden hair, vulgarly called red. My eyes are, in color, between a grey and a green, and have the power of looking two ways at once. My nose is a good deal turned up; but recollect, Mr. Editor, that the famous Cleopatra's nose was a cocked up one. My mouth would be very pretty, if my lips were not a little of a purple hue. I have lost a good many of my teeth in front, but those that remain are either green or blue, which, in my opinion,

has a very lively effect. I use a great deal of snuff, which I dare say has taken away my color, and given me the yellow appearance I have now. My fortune is not large, being only two thousand pounds; and I should like that my future partner's should be as much, if not more. He must be good tempered and agreeable, and, above all, not addicted to drinking, as I sometimes indulge a little in that way, and should need somebody to look after me. I am not ill tempered, except when I do not have my own way. My cats, my monkey, and my parrot, must all remain with me, and retain their former places, as must likewise my old maid Tabatha.

Those who may incline to reply to this advertisement, will please to send their answers to the LADY'S MAGAZINE. I beg they may be soon, as I cannot wait much longer.

JUDITH CRABFACE.

Maiden-Lane.

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS *of the late* CARDINAL YORK.

THE following account of a character, whose family once made a distinguished figure in this country, may perhaps not be considered as uninteresting.

HENRY BENEDICT MARIA CLEMENS, second son of JAMES STUART, known by the name of the 'Pretender,' and of Maria Clementina Sobieski, was born at Rome May 26, 1725, where he almost constantly resided. As a pretender to the throne of Britain he was never forward in urging his supposed claims, and his general character was that of an inoffensive and respectable individual. The Regent Duke of Orleans had (by a threat to withdraw the pension paid by France), to please the cabinet of St. James's, obliged the cardinal's father to reside in that city. Towards the close of the year 1745, he went to France to put himself at the head of 15,000 men, assembled in and about Dunkirk, under the command of the Duke de Richlieu, by order of Louis XV. With this army Henry was to have landed in England in support of his brother Charles; but though preparations were made for embarking these troops, and though one part did actually embark, not a single transport left Dunkirk road; and Henry, receiving intelligence of the issue of the battle of Culloden, returned to Rome, where, much to the displeasure of his brother, and the friends of his family, he took orders; and, in 1747, was made cardinal by Pope Benedict XIV., and afterwards Bishop of Frascati, and Chancellor of the church of St. Peter. From that time the Cardinal of York, the name he assumed on his promotion, devoted himself to the functions of his ministry, and seemed to have laid aside all worldly views, till his father's death in 1788, when he had medals struck, bearing on their face his head, with this inscription — '*Henricus nonus Angliæ Rex;*' and on the reverse a city, with '*Gratia Dei, sed non voluntate hominum:*' If we are not misinformed, our sovereign has one of these medals.

The cardinal had two rich livings in France, the abbeys of

Auchin and St. Amand, and a considerable pension from the court of Spain, all of which he lost by the French Revolution. In order to assist Pope Pius VI. in making up the sum required by Bonapartè in 1796, the cardinal disposed of all the family jewels, and, among others, of a ruby, the largest and most perfect known, valued at 50,000l. He thus deprived himself of the last means of an independent subsistence, and was reduced to great distress on the expulsion of Pius VI. and his court from Rome. After having passed his days in quiet and dignified retirement at his villa near Rome till 1798, a French revolutionary banditti forced him to renounce his comforts and property, if he would save his life. He arrived at Venice in the winter of 1798, infirm, as well as destitute. Cardinal Borgia, who had been acquainted with Sir John Hippisley Coxe in Italy, represented to him, by letter, the cardinal's case. Sir John conveyed this letter to a Mr. Stuart, who drew up a memorial, which Mr. Dundas (now Lord Melville) presented to his majesty; and no sooner was our beloved monarch informed of his distressful situation, than his majesty condescended to order his minister at the Venetian republic, to offer the cardinal, with all possible delicacy, a pension of 4000l. for his life. This amiable trait in the character of George III. does equal honor to the king and to the man. The Cardinal of York had some claim on the generosity, perhaps on the justice, of this country. An act of parliament, still unrepealed, had settled on James the Second's Queen, Mary of Este, the cardinal's grandmother, a jointure of 50,000l. While the treaty of Ryswick was depending, it was strongly contended on the part of the French negotiators, in the name of that princess, that her husband having been deprived by an act of the British legislature of all his right as king, and being consequently, as king, dead in law, she was as much entitled to her dowry, from the day that event took place, as if her husband had been naturally dead.' The English negotiators considered the point as too delicate for their interference, and desired it might be referred to King William personally. The proposal was assented to, and Marshal Boufflers consulted with William on the subject. William did not deny the justice of the claim; and on Boufflers expressing a wish that the concession of the jointure might be confirmed by at least a secret article of the treaty, William said — 'What, marshal! will not my word satisfy you?' Boufflers bowed, and parted, in the full persuasion that he had obtained sufficient security: but, on the first demand of payment, William insisted that the concession had been made upon a condition which had not been performed; while Boufflers maintained the concession to have been unconditional. James II. died in 1701, his widow in 1718. No attempt was made by her heirs at law to recover the arrears of her jointure till 1786, when Charles, the eldest of her grandsons, though he would not act himself, employed his natural daughter, by Miss Walkinshaw, to act in his name for that purpose. A case was made out, stating the nature and grounds of the claim. Louis XVI., by a petition which Vergennes presented, was entreat-

ed to recommend it, through his ambassador at London, to the attention of the King of Great-Britain. Louis answered—' *C'est une famille malheureuse, dont je ne veux plus entendre parler.*' (It is an unfortunate family which I wish to hear no more of.) Little thought the king how soon he, and indeed every branch of the Bourbon family, were to be in a situation no less unfortunate. On the failure of this attempt, another was made in a different way, to bring the claim before the King of England. The late Earl of Pembroke, while at Florence, where Charles and his daughter resided for some time, was in the habit of visiting, and sometimes dined with them. The daughter, on the earl's leaving Florence, begged he would use what interest he might have with Mr. Pitt in behalf of her father's claim. The earl politely offered to do all in his power. As for interest with Mr. Pitt, he said, he had none, nor any claim to any, but he would try what could be done by some of his acquaintance who might have interest with him. Accordingly, on his arrival in Paris, he applied to the late duke of Dorset, then our ambassador at the court of Versailles, who gave the lady's agent a letter of introduction to Mr. Pitt. He promised, at the same time, to take the first opportunity of recommending the claim to that minister's favor and protection, and he fulfilled his promise. Carryll, the lady's agent on his arrival in London, with Mr. Pitt's permission, waited on him. But scarcely had he opened the subject, by saying that whatever right there might be, and however well founded to the whole arrears, a very moderate part would be gratefully accepted; when Mr. Pitt cut him short, declaring it was a thing not to be mentioned to the king. Carryll then communicated the nature and grounds of the claim to learned counsel, who advised him to bring the matter before the king's bench, offering, on condition of receiving a certain proportion of the sum recovered, to carry on the lawsuit at their own risk and expence; in full confidence that the decision would be favorable, from the circumstance that the act of parliament settling the jointure had assigned as security for it's payment royal demesnes of a yearly income more than equal to the amount. But neither Charles nor Henry (for the proposal was made to each separately) would agree to it.

Cardinal York was a studious and well-informed prince, and a sincerely pious prelate. His purse was always open to suffering humanity; and British travelers, particularly, whether ruined by misfortune, or by imprudence, found in him, on all occasions, a compassionate benefactor. He possessed before 1798, a very valuable collection of curiosities at his villa, where many scarce tracts and interesting manuscripts concerning the unfortunate house of Stuart were among the ornaments of his library. In his will, made in January 1789, he had left the latter to his relation Count Stuarton, but they were all in 1798 either plundered by the French and Italian Jacobins at Rome, or confiscated by French commissaries for the libraries or museums at Paris. The Cardinal of York returned to Rome in 1801, and died the Doyen of the Sacred College after being one of it's most virtuous and disinterested members

upwards of sixty years. He was also Bishop of Ostie and Velletri, vice-chancellor of the holy Roman church, and arch-priest of the basilique patriarchal of St. Peter of the Vatican.

He died at the age of eighty-two years and some months, and was the last, in a direct line, of the royal House of Stuart. His death was of some importance; for it is understood, that an act with respect to attainder of blood is to expire at the death of the last of the Stuart family. The statements which appeared in the French papers, concerning Cardinal York's bequests to the King of Sardinia, were void of all truth.

THE

ELVILLE FAMILY SECRETS.

A NOVEL.

[Continued from Vol. xl. p. 313.]

IN the evening Elgiva had one of her accustomed interviews with the gay, the facetious Ardgour; who in some measure dispersed the gloom that hung over her countenance; yet she had a difficult task to conceal from him the anxiety she felt on her amiable cousin's account. The next day was fixed for their leaving that part of the country, as the only means of avoiding the much-dreaded Donald, well knowing that even sacrificing the life of one he protested so much affection for, would be considered no crime by him who could bear no control, and the punishment of the law would be but poor compensation for the loss of such a treasure as Elgiva was to her family and friends.

Donald fancied himself deeply in love; but that tender passion never visits such a heart as his, composed of all the vilest passions which enter the breast of human beings. It has been well said—'there is but one kind of love, but a thousand different copies.' One of the most worthless copies fell to the lot of Donald. He imagined it sincere and ardent affection, not considering that, when he meditated revenge on the object of his tenderness, that must be inconsistent with that pure passion felt but by a favored few, and which must consist entirely in desiring the welfare and happiness of the person beloved.

In vain Lady Holden endeavoured to extort from Elgiva the cause of that anguish which violently preyed upon her mind. 'My dearest Elgiva,' said she to her in the most pathetic manner, 'I will never thwart your inclinations, however unpleasant they may be to me, (most bitterly have I experienced the sad effect of such a proceeding), only make me your confidant; no one can merit it more than I do. You need not doubt my sincerity, nor suspect that I shall ever divulge ought to your prejudice. Your cousins Donald and Randolph are each candidates for your favor: the first I internally abhor; imperious, overbearing, and cruel, no one can feel any regard for him: but the amiable Randolph is an exact contrast to him; he is mild and insinuating in his manners, his figure elegant, his countenance so interesting, few can behold him without feeling a kind

of friendly regard for him bordering on enthusiasm. I am confident an union with him could not fail of ensuring you as large a proportion of happiness as is destined for us sublunary mortals to enjoy on this side the grave. Still I am satisfied such enviable attractions have made no impression on your heart, although I am sure it does not want for susceptibility. His despondence yesterday, his abrupt departure on a journey he knew not whither, convinces me all is not right. Much I fear for his poor, almost heart-broken mother.'

Elgiva, though she could scarcely refrain from confessing every thing, uttered not a syllable; and Lady Holden left her, little less affected than herself, though she endeavoured to conceal it.

After sitting ruminating over the rash step she was going to take nearly two hours, the heavy northern turret bell struck the hour of eight, and aroused her from the reverie into which she was fallen.

'Heaven bless me!' she exclaimed; 'in half after I am to meet Ardgour nearly a mile distant, in order to enter into an unknown course of life!' She with trembling hands packed up a few of her valuables, and wrapping closely her plaid around her, lightly tripped through the unfrequented courts of the castle, and from thence into the forest unobserved, not without often stopping and taking a lingering last look behind. Reflexion would obtrude in spite of every effort to prevent it; that most unwelcome guest when we are about to commit a rash action: to leave a mother, that dear, invaluable friend, the dearest connexion of the heart. —'Some substitute may be found on earth for every tender tie but the tie of a father and mother; when that is broken, what a vacuum must the world appear!' said Elgiva, as she gazed on the walls which contained that invaluable friend. 'I have, it is true, all I can wish in Ardgour; but will he always be the affectionate lover he now is? Men are by nature inconstant, fickle, and unstable in their attachments — a short time only, perhaps, I may possess his love — and then, without a mother to comfort me, what a vacuum indeed must the world present! In some distant clime I may be deserted, and linger out a miserable existence, the sad victim of my own credulity!'

She seated herself on the mossy bank, at the root of an antient oak, which had weathered many a winter's blast. Once more she cast her eyes to the apartment which she fancied contained her mother. The sun had just sunk below the horizon, and gilded the highest turrets of the castle with it's departing beams; it was a calm evening in August, when all nature was at rest. 'All,' said the distressed Elgiva, 'enjoy tranquillity, but nothing can quell the boisterous contention in my bosom, which renders me alone wretched. She was half inclined to return, and throw herself on the bosom of her mother and confess the whole. She had indeed arisen from her moss grown seat with that intention, when the fascinating Ardgour that instant made his appearance, all gaiety as usual. She forgot her former resolution, in his professions of eternal constancy. Once more her affection

for him overcame that she felt for her parent. He immediately placed her on his steed, and walked beside her to a river where a boat was ready, which conveyed them to a vessel bound for the coast of France, in which they embarked, invoking heaven to send them a prosperous voyage, and conduct them safe to some friendly shore, where they might, unmolested, enjoy that happiness denied them in their native land.

We will leave them on board, and return to the countess and family at the castle — For a day or two no daughter appearing, after her mysterious conduct, convinced them some ill was in agitation. Vassals where dispatched to every place where there was any probability of her being found. Selkirk was the place she had told her mother she intended to go to; to visit Ardgour's sisters; thither messengers were sent, but no tidings of Elgiva. The countess was almost driven to distraction. The beloved prop on which her fragile frame had so long leaned for support was now gone. The kind and tender Randolph was gone she knew not whither, his peace of mind ruined by her ungrateful daughter: where then was she to look for consolation?

The morning confirmed her fears; news arrived that Randolph was found dead in the forest to all appearance murdered, as various marks of violence where found on different parts of his body. Who can paint the despair of the countess and Lady Glendarn. The strictest search was made to discover the perpetrators of the horrid deed, but without avail. Many were the suspicions entertained of his brother Donald, too well known. She suspected him as the person who had supplanted him in the affections of Elgiva. The constitution of the countess and her sister stood with difficulty so severe a shock; but their disappointments were adapted to the trials they were to undergo, for without supernatural support they could never have survived the many trying calamities heaven thought proper to visit them with.

A few days brought some small share of comfort in letters from Ardgour and Elgiva: at least the countess was satisfied that she was in being, and under the protection of a young man, from her slight knowlege of whom she had no unfavorable opinion. The imprudent step she had taken was overlooked in the idea of her being secured from personal injury: since the malice of Donald, the countess thought, would not extend to another country. Elgiva in her letters lamented with unfeigned regret her distance from her mother, but concluded by saying — 'You must forgive me all my errors, since all my reason could not overpower the passion which involved my every thought sufficiently to make me act otherwise.' The countess wrote an answer; wishing them every happiness, and sending them her most sincere forgiveness, desiring them to remain there a short time, at least till the vengeance of Donald was appeased, who swore the most horrid oath that Ardgour should not long remain in quiet possession of his cousin, a declaration which made the countess tremble as she but too well knew his vindictive spi-

rit, and even suspected that he had been accessary to the death of his brother, though no proof could be brought against him sufficient to convince her of such a shocking act.

In this miserable state of mental anguish, the countess proposed to her sister, Lady Glendarn, to leave Scotland, which had been the seat of so much wretchedness to her, as they might go to their native country, and drag on the remainder of their existence in some retired spot, where every turn of the head would not remind them of some trying calamity, as it did in the present situation. Lady Glendarn reluctantly consented to her sister's proposal; for, in the first place, what was to become of Donald? Although he had, by his brutal conduct, in part alienated her affection from him, still he was her son — the only son of an ever-to-be-lamented parent; and, though she despaired of ever bringing him again under her command, yet, perhaps, at some future time, if she persevered in giving him good advice, it might have some influence over him. Again, to leave the spot where rested the remains of a beloved husband, was a trying task: but, to oblige her sister, she consented; and, after seeing the remains of her favorite son deposited near his much-loved father, at Selkirk, and leaving particular directions where she intended to rest herself, she took a long, a last farewell of that country, wherein she had spent her happiest days, and likewise her days of greatest anxiety, as they might be truly called; for the whole time of her husband's life, she was in continual dread of the vengeance of her unfeeling father and brother; yet still his society completely compensated for that anxiety, and she never, in all her anguish, regretted the rash step she had taken.

But, to return to Elgiva and Ardgour: she had a pleasant voyage, if such it might be termed in the uneasy state of her mind. Her mother's anxiety, and her cousin's cruel death, so affected her, that it was with difficulty Ardgour prevailed on her to proceed on her journey. When she reached the coast of France, she was for braving all dangers, and returning to her mother, fearing such complicated distress would be more than her shattered frame could support. She wrote a letter to her aunt, deploring with her the loss of so amiable a young man as her son Randolph, at the same time saying what uneasiness it had cost her to refuse him; but she could not have acted otherwise; therefore, to avoid the constant sight of those she had so much injured, she took the step she had taken in leaving them, which her mother had forgiven, and she hoped to hear the same from her.

Ardgour's family were as uneasy as Elgiva's could be, yet they not only promised to pardon him, but to give up the family mansion to him and his bride, if he would return once more to his native country. Such a proposal, notwithstanding the fear he had of Donald, could not be withstood. As soon, therefore, as the marriage ceremony was performed, and he could legally claim the protection of the beautiful Elgiva, he prepared to return to Scotland. Elgiva having written to inform her mother, she waited to welcome them to their native land, before

she bid a final adieu to that country where she had experienced so much uneasiness — they were already so far advanced on their journey, as to be preparing to cross the borders, when the pleasing letter was sent express after them, and they immediately returned. Every face was overspread with joy at the arrival of the youthful pair, except that of the Countess of Glendarn:

'Had it been my son,' she involuntarily exclaimed, 'which thus graced such a meeting, what would have been my feelings!'

[*To be continued.*]

On the Ancient English Morris Dance.

[*From Mr. Douce's Illustrations of Shakspeare.*]

IT is the observation of an elegant writer, that disquisitions concerning the manners and conduct of our species in early times, or, indeed, at any time, are always curious at least and amusing. An investigation of the subject before us, if completely and successfully performed, would serve to fill up a chasm in the history of our popular antiquities; but this must not be expected. The culpable indifference of historical writers to private manners, and more especially to the recreations and amusements of the common people, has occasioned the difficulties that always attend inquiries of this nature, many of which are involved in impenetrable darkness, while others can only receive illustration from detached and scattered facts, accompanied by judicious inferences and opinions.

It will be necessary, in the first place, to attempt some definition of what the morris dance originally was. This may be best accomplished by the aid of etymology, which will be generally found a faithful guide, when managed with discretion. It seems, however, on the present occasion, to have been too slightly treated in a work of considerable labor and ingenuity, the author of which has expressed an opinion, that the morris dance originated from that part of the antient ceremony of the feast of fools, in which certain persons, habited like buffoons, with bells, &c. joined in a dance. He then proceeds as follows:

'The word *Morris*, applied to the dance, is usually derived from *Morisco*, which, in the Spanish language, signifies a *Moor*, as if the dance had been taken from the Moors: but I cannot help considering this as a mistake; for it appears to me, that the *Morisco*, or Moor dance, is exceedingly different from the Morris dance formerly practised in this country, it being performed with the castanets, or rattles, at the ends of the fingers, and not with bells attached to various parts of the dress. I shall not pretend to investigate the derivation of the word *Morris*, though, probably, it might be found at home. It seems, however, to have been applied to the dance in modern times, and, I trust, long after the festival to which it originally belonged was done away, and had nearly sunk into oblivion.'

Now, if the term in question had been exclusively used in England, there would have been some weight in these observations; but,

when we find it adopted by most of the European nations to express a dance, the origin of which both English and foreign glossaries uniformly ascribe to the Moors, we must pause at least before we consent to abandon the only clue that prssents itself to assist us. The genuine Moorish or Morisco dance was, no doubt, different from the European *morris;* but there is scarcely an instance in which a fashion or amusement, that has been borrowed from a distant region, has not in it's progress through other countries undergone such alterations as have much obscured it's origin. This remark may be exemplified in chess and cards, which, beyond all doubt, were invented in India or China, and spread, by means of the Arabians, progressively throughout Spain, Italy, France, England, and the north of Europe. But the above writer has cited a passage from the play of *Variety*, 1649, in which the *Spanish Morisco* is mentioned; and this not only shows the legitimacy of the term *morris*, but that the real and uncorrupted Moorish dance was to be found in Spain, where it still continues to delight both natives and strangers, under the name of the *fandango.* It may be likewise remarked, that the exquisitely pretty music to this lively dance is undoubtedly Moorish. The Spanish morris was also danced at puppet-shows, by a person habited like a Moor, with castanets; and Junius [Du Jon] has informed us, that the morris dancers usually blackened their faces with soot, that they might the better pass for Moors.

Some have sought the origin of the morris in the *Pyrrhica saltatio* (Pyrrhic dance) o the antients, a military dance, which seems to have been invented by the Greeks, and was afterwards adopted by the Salii, or priests of Mars. This continued to be practised for many ages, till it became corrupted by figures and gesticulations, foreign to it's original purpose. Such a dance was that well known in France and Italy by the name of the dance of fools, or *matachins*, who were habited in short jackets, with gilt paper helmets, long streamers tied to their shoulders, and bells to their legs. They carried in their hands a sword and buckler, with which they made a clashing noise, and performed various quick and sprightly evolutions. A species of this sword dance, by some means or other, got introduced into England, where it has generally and unaccountably been exhibited by women, whose dexterous feats of tumbling and dancing with swords at fairs, and in the minor theatres, are still remembered by many persons. A very learned writer, speaking of the *Pyrrhica saltatio*, informs us, that 'the common people in many parts of England still practice what they call a *Morisco dance*, in a wild manner, and as it were in armor, at proper intervals striking upon each other's staves, &c.' This might be found, on inquiry, to differ from the common morris, and to be a mixture of the Pyrrhic and Moorish dances. Such a one may be alluded to in *The Second Part of King Henry the Sixth*, act iii. scene i.

> 'I have seen him
> Caper upright, like a *wild Morisco*,
> Shaking the bloody darts, as he his bells.'

Before we proceed to an exami-

nation of the more immediate object of this essay, the English morris, it may be as well to lay before the reader a short description of the *uncorrupted morris dance*, as practised in France about the beginning of the sixteenth century. It has been preserved by Tabourot, the oldest and by far the most curious writer of any other on the art of dancing. He relates, that, in his youthful days, it was the custom in good societies for a boy to come into the hall, when supper was finished, with his face blackened, his forehead bound with white or yellow taffeta, and bells tied to his legs. He then proceeded to dance the *Morisco* the whole length of the hall, backwards and forwards, to the great amusement of the company. He hints that the bells might have been borrowed from the *crotali* of the antients in the Pyrrhic dance. He then describes the more modern morris dance, which was performed by striking the ground with the fore part of the feet; but, as this was found to be too fatiguing, the motion was afterwards confined to the heel, the toes being kept firm, by which means the dancer contrived to rattle his bells with more effect. He adds, that this mode of dancing fell into disuse, as it was liable to bring on gouty complaints.

It has been supposed that the morris dance was first brought into England in the time of Edward the Third, when John of Gaunt returned from Spain; but it is much more probable that we had it from our Gallic neighbours, or even from the Flemings. Few, if any, vestiges of it can be traced beyond the reign of Henry the Seventh; about which time, and particularly in that of Henry the Eighth, the churchwardens accounts in several parishes afford materials that throw much light on the subject, and show that the morris dance made a very considerable figure in the parochial festivals. A late valuable writer has remarked, that, in some places, the May-games of Robin Hood were nothing more than a morris dance, in which *Robin Hood, Little John, Maid Marian*, and *Friar Tuck*, were the principal personages, the others being a clown, or fool, the bobby-horse, the taborer, and the dancers, who were more or less numerous. But this seems to be a mistake. The May-games of Robin Hood appear to have been principally instituted for the encouragement of archery, and were generally accompanied by morris dancers, who, nevertheless, formed but a subordinate part of the ceremony. It is by no means clear, that, at any time, Robin Hood and his companions were *constituent* characters in the morris. There were, besides, May-games of a more simple nature, being merely dances round a May-pole by the lads and lasses of the village, and the undoubted remains of the Roman Floralia. We find also, that other festivals and ceremonies had their morris, as Holy Thursday; the Whitsun-ales; the bride-ales, or weddings; and a sort of play, called the Lord of Misrule. Sheriffs, too, had their morris dance. The reader may be amused with the following account of the Lord of Misrule, as it contains a description of an attendant morris. It has been fortunately handed down to us by a puritanical writer of the reign of Elizabeth, whose loud ravings against the fashionable excesses of his countrymen

have contributed to furnish posterity with the completest information respecting a considerable portion of the manners and customs of the above period that is any where to be found. These are his words: 'First, all the wilde heads of the parish flocking together, chuse them a graund captain of mischiefe), whom they innoble with the title of *my Lord of Misrule*, and him they crowne with great solemnitie, and adopt for their king. This king annoynted choseth foorth twentie, fourtie, threescore, or a hundred lustie guttes like to himself, to waite upon his lordly majesty, and to guarde his noble person. Then every one of these his men he investeth with his liveries of greene, yellow, or some other light wanton collour. And as though that were not gawdy ynough, they bedecke themselves with scarffes, ribbons, and laces, hanged all over with golde ringes, precious stones, and other jewels: this done, they tie about either legge twentie or fourtie belles, with rich handkerchiefe in their hands, and sometimes laide acrosse over their shoulders and neckes, borrowed for the most part of their pretie *Mopsies*, and loving *Bessies*, for bussing them in the darke. Thus all things set in order, then have they their hobby-horses, their dragons, and other antiques, together with their *pipers* and thundering *drummers*, to strike up the *Devil's Daunce* withal: then march this heathen company towards the church and church-yarde, their pypers pyping, their drummers thundering, their stumpies dauncing, their belles jyngling, their handkercheefes fluttering about their heades like madde men, their hobbie-horses, and other monsters, skirmishing amongst the throng: and in this sorte they goe to the church (though the minister be at prayer or preaching) dauncing, and swinging their handkercheefes over their heades in the church like devils incarnate, with such a confused noise that no man can heare his own voyce. Then the foolish people they looke, they stare, they laugh, they fleere, and mount upon formes and pewes to see these goodly pageants solemnized in this sort. Then after this about the church they goe againe and againe, and so foorth into the church yarde, where they have commonly their summer haules, their bowers, arbours, and banqueting-houses set up, wherein they feast, banquet, and daunce all that day, and (peradventure) all that night too. And thus these terrestrial furies spend the Sabbath-day. Another sort of these fantastical fools bring to these hell-houndes (the Lord of Misrule and his complices) some bread, some good ale, some new cheese, some old cheese, some custardes, some cracknels, some cakes, some flaunes, some tartes, some creame, some meat, some one thing, some another; but if they knew that as often as they bring anye to the maintenance of these execrable pastimes, they offer sacrifice to the Devill and Sathanas, they would repent, and withdraw their handes, which God graunt they may.'

Another declaimer of the like kind, speaking of May-games and morris dances, thus holds forth: 'The abuses which are committed in your May-games are infinite. The first whereof is this, that you do use to attyre in woman's apparrell, whom you doe most commonly call *May-marrions*, where-

by you infringe that straight commaundement which is given in Deut. xxii. 5. that men must not put on women's apparell, for fear of enormities. Nay, I myself have seen in a May-game a troupe, the greater part whereof hath been men, and yet have they been attyred so like unto women, that theyr faces being hidde (as they were indeede) a man coulde not discerne them from women. The second abuse, which of all others is the greatest, is this, that it hath been toulde, that your morrice dauncers have daunced naked in nettes. What greater enticement unto naughtiness could have been devised? The third abuse is, that you (because you will loose no time) doe use commonly to run into woodes in the night time, amongst maidens, to fet bowes, in so much as I have hearde of tenne maidens which went to fet May, and nine of them came home with childe.' He seems likewise to allude to a character of the *Devil* in the May-games, of which no mention is elsewhere made.

In the course of time, these several recreations were blended together, so as to become almost indistinguishable. It is, however, very certain, that the May-games of Robin Hood, accompanied by the morris, were at first a distinct ceremony from the simple morris, which, when Warner lived, was celebrated about the season of Easter, and before the May-games: he thus speaks of them —

'At Paske begin our Morrise, and ere Pentecost our May.'

It is probable that, when the practice of archery declined, the May games of *Robin Hood* were discontinued, and that the morris dance was transferred to the celebration of whitsuntide, either as connected with the Whitsun-ales, or as a separate amusement. In the latter instance it appears to have retained one or two of the character in the May pageants; but no uniformity was, or possibly could be observed, as the arrangement would vary in different places, according to the humor or convenience of the parties.

Account of the new Serio Comic Opera called the 'Maniac, or Swiss Banditti,' performed for the first time at the *Theatre* at the *Lyceum*, *Tuesday, March* 13.

The characters were as follow, and thus represented:

Henry Cleveland . .	Mr. Phillips.
Montalbert	Mr. Holland.
Rupert	Mr. Wroughton.
Augustine	Mr. Raymond.
Gosford	Mr. Palmer.
Samson	Mr. Smith.
Hubert	Mr. Dowton.
Dory	Mr. Matthews.
Lauretta	Mrs. Mountain.
Claribel	Mrs. Bishop.
Jennet	Mrs. Bland.

The following is an outline of the fable:

Montalbert and Augustine, brothers, and men of rank in the army, are enamoured of Claribel, the daughter of Rupert — Jealousy rankling in the mind of Augustine, he employs Gosford (an assassin) to murder his brother, whom he attacks, wounds, and leaves as dead. Rumors being abroad, accusing Augustine of the supposed murder, he flies, in

company with Gosford, and they become the leaders of the banditti. Montalbert, summoned to the wars, leaves his friend Cleveland as protector of his beloved Claribel. During his absence, Cleveland, forgetful of his duty, seduces Lauretta, the sister of Claribel, from her father's house, but with an intention of marrying her—Lauretta hears a report that her father had died distracted for her loss, becomes frantic, and flies from her lover's arms, and wanders wildly in the country, making the ruins of an abbey her abode—being humanely protected by Hubert, a trusty servant of Montalbert, who affects madness to avoid punishment, that he may be enabled to secure her from insult. Rupert in the mean time has been ruined by the fraud of a friend in whom he confided, and retires from the world near the very spot to which his frenzied daughter had flown. The wars ended, Montalbert returns, and arrives at the head of troops destined to disperse a banditti who infest the country—rescues Claribel, who has been torn from her home by Augustine—and at last meets with Cleveland, with whom he is about to fight—when Lauretta appears, prevents them, recognises Cleveland, flies from him in horror, is about to precipitate herself from a rock into the lake, and is saved by her father:—the sudden shock of meeting her father and lover restores her partially to reason.—The rivalship of Dory (a fisherman), and Hubert, for the love of Jennet, forming the other, and lighter part of the drama; and the piece ends with a general reconciliation.

This piece, it is understood, is from the pen of Mr. Arnold; and though it may, on the whole, be inferior to most of his productions, it nevertheless possesess some merit. The business is in some instances confused, and the subordinate characters are unnecessarily brought forward, as if to swell insignificance into importance, by increasing it's bulk; added to which, there are many inconsistencies in the characters. The lover (Henry Cleveland), terrified by the brandished club of a rustic, at one period takes to his heels, greatly alarmed.—The hardy rustic is afterward overthrown, without his making more resistance than would have been expected had his hands been tied behind him. Henry Cleveland then appears a most intrepid warrior, and 'Dory,' who had appeared throughout a contemptible self-acknowleged coward, appears to have placed himself unnecessarily in the midst of danger for the purpose of proving himself a most magnanimous hero at the close of the piece. The piece however possesses some features which recommend it to public countenance, and, with some emendations, it may become a popular production.

The principal character is a female octavian, which is well sustained by Mrs. Mountain, and the other performers exerted themselves to the utmost in the cause. Matthews was particularly distinguished, and the following verse of one of his songs called forth thunders of applause.

'The wise politician, to mend matters, wishes,
And, *pro bono publico*, offers his pelf;
But he's only watching the loaves and the fishes,
To push others out and to get in himself.'

The music, by Bishop, in many parts deserves the highest praise; and this, with the embellishments of a chorus of jolly robbers, a battle, and a thunder-storm, afforded considerable support to the piece. Some disapprobation was manifested towards the close; and, when Mr. Holland attempted to announce it for a second representation, the opposition was rather strong; but, on a division, the contents carried the question.

On Female Education.

THE conductors of the Edinburgh Review, in their last Number, after noticing Mr. Broadhurst's *Advice to Young Ladies on the Improvement of the Mind*, the object of which, they say, is to recommend a better system of female education than that which at present prevails in this country, have entered into the following judicious disquisition on that very important subject.

'A great deal has been said of the original difference of capacity between men and women; as if women were more quick, and men more judicious—as if women were more remarkable for delicacy of association, and men for stronger powers of attention. All this, we confess, appears to us very fanciful. That there is a difference in the understandings of the men and the women we every day meet with, every body, we suppose, must perceive; but there is none, surely, which may not be accounted for by the difference of circumstances in which they have been placed, without referring to any conjectural difference of original conformation of mind. As long as boys and girls run about in the dirt, and trundle hoops together, they are both precisely alike. If you catch up one half of these creatures, and train them to a particular set of actions and opinions, and the other half to a perfectly opposite set, of course their understandings will differ, as one or the other sort of occupations has called this or that talent into action: there is surely no occasion to go into any deeper or more abstruse reasoning, in order to explain so very simple a phenomenon. Taking it then for granted, that nature has been as bountiful of understanding to one sex as the other, it is incumbent on us to consider what are the principal objections commonly made against the communication of a greater share of knowlege to women, than commonly falls to their lot at present; for, though it may be doubted whether women should learn all that men learn, the immense disparity which now exists between their knowlege, we should hardly think could admit of any rational defence. It is not easy to imagine that there can be any just cause why a woman of forty should be more ignorant than a boy of twelve years of age. If there be any good at all in female ignorance, this (to use a very colloquial phrase) is surely too much of a good thing.

Something in this question must depend, no doubt, upon the leisure which either sex enjoys for the cultivation of their understandings; and we cannot help thinking that women have fully as much, if not more, idle time upon their hands than men. Women are excluded from all the se-

rious business of the world: men are lawyers, physicians, clergymen, apothecaries, and justices of the peace — sources of exertion which consume a great deal more time than producing and suckling children; so that, if the thing is a thing that ought to be done — if the attainments of literature are objects really worthy the attention of females, they cannot plead the want of leisure as an excuse for indolence and neglect. The lawyer, who passes his day in exasperating the bickerings of Roe and Doe, is certainly as much engaged as his lady, who has the whole of the morning before her to correct the children and pay the bills. The apothecary, who rushes from an act of phlebotomy in the western parts of the town to insinuate a bolus in the east, is surely as completely absorbed as that fortunate female who is darning the garment, or preparing the repast of her Æsculapius at home; and, in every degree and situation of life, it seems that men must necessarily be exposed to more serious demands upon their time and attention than can possibly be the case with respect to the other sex. We are speaking always of the fair demands which ought to be made upon the time and attention of women; for, as the matter now stands, the time of women is considered as worth nothing at all. Daughters are kept to occupations in sewing, patching, mantua-making, and mending, by which it is impossible they can earn ten-pence a-day. The intellectual improvement of women is considered to be of such subordinate importance, that twenty pounds, paid for needle-work, would give to a whole family leisure to acquire a fund of real knowlege. They are kept with nimble fingers and vacant understandings, till the season for improvement is utterly passed away, and all chance of forming more important habits completely lost. We do not, therefore, say, that women have more leisure than men, if it be necessary that they should lead the life of artisans; but we make this assertion only upon the supposition, that it is of some importance women should be instructed; and that many ordinary occupations, for which a little money will find a better substitute, should be sacrificed to this consideration.

We bar, in this discussion, any objection which proceeds from the mere novelty of teaching women more than they are already taught. It may be useless that their education should be improved, or it may be pernicious; and these are the fair grounds on which the questions may be argued. But those who cannot bring their minds to consider such an unusual extension of knowlege without connecting it with some sensation of the ludicrous, should remember, that, in the progress from absolute ignorance, there is a period when cultivation of mind is new to every rank and description of persons. A century ago, who would have believed that country gentlemen could be brought to read and spell with the ease and accuracy which we now so frequently remark — or supposed, that they could be carried up even to the elements of antient and modern history? Nothing is more common or more stupid, than to take the actual for the possible — to believe that all which is, is all which can be; first to laugh at every proposed deviation

from practice as impossible—then, when it is carried into effect, to be astonished that it did not take place before.

It is said, that the effect of knowlege is to make women pedantic and affected; and, that nothing can be more offensive than to see a woman stepping out of the natural modesty of her sex, to make an ostentatious display of her literary attainments. This may be true enough; but the answer is so trite and obvious that we are almost ashamed to make it. All affectation and display proceed from the supposition of possessing something better than the rest of the world possesses. Nobody is vain of possessing two legs and two arms;—because that is the precise quantity of either sort of limb which every body possesses. Who ever heard a lady boast that she understood French, and though there may be some disgrace in being ignorant of that language, there is little or no merit in it's acquisition. Diffuse knowlege generally among women, and you will at once cure the conceit which knowlege occasions while it is rare. Vanity and conceit we shall of course witness in men and women as long as the world endures: but by multiplying the attainments upon which these feelings are founded, you increase the difficulty of indulging them, and render them much more tolerable, by making them the proofs of a much higher merit. When learning ceases to be uncommon among women, learned women will cease to be affected.

A great many of the lesser and more obscure duties of life necessarily devolve upon the female sex. The arrangement of all household matters, and the care of children in their early infancy, must of course depend upon them. Now there is a very general notion that the moment you put the education of women upon a better footing than it is at present, at that moment there will be an end of all domestic œconomy, and that, if you once suffer women to eat of the tree of knowlege, the rest of the family will very soon be reduced to the same kind of aërial and unsatisfactory diet. These, and all such opinions, are referable to one great and common cause of error;—that man does every thing, and that nature does nothing; and that every thing we see is referable to positive institution rather than to original feeling. Can any thing, for example, be more perfectly absurd than to suppose, that the care and perpetual solicitude which a mother feels for her children, depends upon her ignorance of Greek and mathematics, and that she would desert an infant for a quadratic equation? We seem to imagine that we can break in pieces the solemn institution of nature, by the little laws of a boarding school; and that the existence of the human race depends upon teaching women a litle more or a little less;—that Cimmarian ignorance can aid parental affection, or the circle of arts and sciences produce it's destruction. In the same manner we forget the principles upon which the love of order, arrangement, and all the arts of œconomy depend. They depend not upon ignorance nor idleness; but upon the poverty, confusion, and ruin which would ensue from neglecting them. Add to these principles the love of what is beautiful

and magnificent, and the vanity of display; — and there can surely be no reasonable doubt, but that the order and œconomy of private life is amply secured from the perilous inroads of knowlege.

We would fain know, too, if knowlege is to produce such baneful effects upon the material and the household virtues, why this influence has not already been felt? Women are much better educated now than they were a century ago, but they are by no means less remarkable for attention to the arrangements of their household, or less inclined to discharge the offices of parental affection. It would be very easy to show that the same objection has been made at all times to every improvement in the education of both sexes, and all ranks — and been as uniformly and completely refuted by experience. A great part of the objections made to the education of women, are rather objections made to human nature, than to the female sex; for it is surely true that the knowlege, whree it produces any bad effects at all, does as much mischief to one sex as the other, and gives birth to fully as much arrogance, inattention to common affairs, and eccentricity among men, as it does among women. But it by no means follows, that you get rid of vanity and self-conceit, because you get rid of learning. Self-complacency can never want an excuse; and the best way to make it more tolerable, and more useful, is to give to it as high, and as dignified an object as possible. But at all events it is unfair to bring forward against a part of the world an objection which is equally powerful against the whole. When foolish women think they have any distinction, they are apt to be proud of it, so are foolish men. But we appeal to any one who has lived with cultivated persons of either sex, whether he has not witnessed as much pedantry, as much rong-headedness, as much arrogance, and certainly a great deal more rudeness, produced by learning in men than in women; therefore, we should make the accusation general, or dismiss it altogether; though, with respect to pedantry, the learned are certainly a little unfortunate; that so very emphatic a word which is occasionally applicable to all men embarked eagerly in any pursuit, should be reserved exclusively for them: for, as pedantry is an ostentatious obtrusion of knowlege, in which those who hear us cannot sympathize, it is a fault of which soldiers, sailors, sportsmen, gamesters, cultivators, and all men engaged in a particular occupation, are quite as guilty as scholars; but they have the good fortune to have the vice only of pedantry,—while scholars have both the vice and the name for it too.

Some persons are apt to contrast the acquisition of important knowlege with what they call simple pleasures; and deem it more becoming that a woman should educate flowers, make friendships with birds, and pick up plants, than enter into more difficult and fatiguing studies. If a woman has no taste and genius for higher occupations, let her engage in these to be sure, rather that remain destitute of any pursuit. But why are we necessarily to doom a girl, what-

ever be her taste or her capacity, to one unvaried line of petty and frivolous occupation? If she is full of strong sense, and elevated curiosity, can there be any reason why she should be diluted and enfeebled down to a mere culler of simples, and fancier of birds? why books of history and reasoning are to be torn out of her hand, and why she is to be sent, like a butterfly, to hover over the idle flowers of the field? Such amusements are innocent to those whom they can occupy; but they are not innocent to those who have too powerful understandings to be occupied by them. Light broths and fruits are innocent food only to weak or infant stomachs; but they are poison to that organ in it's perfect and mature state. But the great charm appears to be in the word *simplicity*—simple pleasures! If by a simple pleasure is meant an innocent pleasure, the observation is best answered by showing, that the pleasure which results from the acquisition of important knowlege is quite as innocent as any pleasure whatever; but if by a simple pleasure is meant, one, the cause of which can be easily analyzed, or which does not last long, or which in itself is very faint; then simple pleasures seem to be very nearly synonymous with small pleasures; and if the simplicity were to be a little increased, the pleasures would vanish altogether.

As it is impossible that every man should have industry or activity sufficient to avail himself of the advantages of education, it is natural that men who are ignorant themselves, should view with some degree of jealousy and alarm any proposal for improving the education of women. But such men may depend upon it, however the system of female education may be exalted, that there will never be wanting a due proportion of failure; and that after parents, guardians, and preceptors have done all in their power to make every body wise, there will still be a plentiful supply of women who have taken special care to remain otherwise; and they may rest assured, if the great extinction of ignorance and folly is the evil they dread, that their interests will always be effectually protected, in spite of every exertion to the contrary.

We must in candor allow, that those women who begin, will probably have something more to overcome than may probably hereafter be the case. We cannot deny the jealousy which exists among pompous and foolish men, respecting the education of women. There is a class of pedants, who would be cut short in the estimation of the world a whole cubit, if it were generally known that a young lady of eighteen could be taught to decline the tenses of the middle voice, or acquaint herself with the Æolic varieties of that celebrated language. Then women have, of course, all ignorant men for enemies to their instruction, who being bound (as they think), in point of sex, to know more, are not well pleased in point of fact to know less. But among men of sense and liberal politeness, a woman, who has successfully cultivated her mind, without diminishing the gentleness and propriety of her manners, is always sure to meet with a respect and attention bordering upon enthusiasm.

POETICAL ESSAYS.

ODE

FOR THE 21ST OF MARCH.

HAIL! joyous morn, look'd for so long!
Ye feather'd choir, come join my song;
And now let dulcet music float
From ev'ry little quiv'ring throat:
In emulation let us sing,
To welcome in the beauteous spring.
Now see great Sol advance
In his radiant car of day!
See bright along th' ecliptic way
His heav'nly coursers prance!
Whilst blooming Spring sits smiling by his side,
And waves her flow'ry locks in rosy pride.

See with him haste the vernal hours,
Light-footed dews, and timely show'rs;
And zephyrs loose, on tepid wing,
Fluttering round the beauteous spring,
And flow'r-wreath'd Flora, young and gay,
And by her side the lovely May.
Then, O thou hoary sire!
(Whose chilling breath congeals the floods,
And stills the music of the woods),
Relent! begone! retire!
O summon from our plains thy boist'rous train,
And to thy blooming daughter cede thy reign!

The Muse's pray'r is heard;—he flies
Terrific to cold arctic skies;
There, awfully sublime he reigns,
And binds old Ocean fast in chains:
See Boreas, too, now speeds his flight,
To northern caves of tenfold night!
Ye warbling brooks, now free,
In louder murmurs hail the day!
And as ye through the meadows stray,
Proclaim it to each tree:
Proclaim aloud, bid ev'ry thing rejoice,
And call on man to join his grateful voice.

ANONYMOUS.

N. Petherton.

TO THE SWALLOW.

WHEN Boreas, from the gelid north,
Prepares to let chill winter forth,
With bleak and sullen roar;
Thou, mindful that the summer's past,
Twittering shun'st the nipping blast,
And seek'st some milder shore;

Or cling'st beneath some mould'ring bank,
Or in some cavern dark and dank
Thou sleep'st all winter's reign;
And when his awful sway is o'er,
At nature's call thou wak'st once more,
And glad'st our sight again.

Oh! little envied bird, that I,
(When wintry storms deform the sky,
And life's gay summer's o'er,)

Like thee, could cleave the aërial way!
With joyful wings I'd hence away
To yonder tranquil shore!

Where mortals all their cares forego,
All jarring discord, earthborn woe,
Disease's racking pains;
Where Sorrow's clouds are never seen,
Nor storms are heard; but all's serene,
And spring eternal reigns.

ANONYMOUS.

N. Petherton.

ON A WATCH,

That had been to be repaired, being hung up again in it's Case.

I.

WELCOME, welcome, little stranger,
To thy neat and safe abode;
There thou art quite free from danger,
There is nought to incommode.

II.

O! how often have I miss'd thee,
Sought in vain the time to know,
And still oft'ner have I wish'd thee
Back, to see thy movements flow.

III.

Days, hours, and minutes, as they pass,
Thou faithfully dost tell;
And art a warning to mankind
To spend e'en moments well.

ELIZA.

ODE TO CONTENT.

I.

CONTENT! O say, where dost thou dwell?
An answer I'd fain have thee give;
Is't at court, in the senate, or state,
Thou thinkest most proper to live?

II.

My dwelling 's in no fix'd abode,
To courts do I seldom repair,
Nor yet to the senate or state;
Thou must look for my presence elsewhere.

III.

Descend from the court to the cot,
Whose inmates are healthy and neat,
Where industry smiles through the year;
There with me thou always may'st meet.

IV.

Now an answer I think I have given;
Likewise my free will and consent,
To possess me whenever thou wilt,
And enjoy that true blessing, Content.

ELIZA.

ARABIAN SONG.

COME Maid of Yemen! sit with me
Beneath the fragrant almond-tree,
And shun, within this close retreat,
The blazing noon-tide's fervid heat.

Waft'st thou a gale of rich perfume
From drops that pearl the rose's bloom,
O Zephyr, 'mid thy blossoms straying,
With Pleasure's sportive daughters playing?

Or have the virgin lilies spread
For panting Love a downy bed,
Where the fond trembler may repose,
And steep in extasy his woes?

Or is it Zeineb's softer breast
On which her lover sinks to rest;
And hers the sigh that I inhale,
The blushing maid of Yemen's vale?

Or is it some sly child of air,
Some genie bright, or houri fair,
With beauties that can never fade,
Who sits beneath the almond shade?

Or wakes the nightingale her lay
Amid her damask blooms so gay,
To bid the rose no longer weep,
And charm the lover's cares to sleep?

Or is it Zeineb's fairer form,
That wakes with kisses melting warm,
And sits and sings the song of glee
Beneath the waving almond tree?

ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF A POOR IDIOT GIRL.

WHO, hapless, helpless being! who
Shall strew a flower upon thy grave?
Or who, from 'mute Oblivion's power,'
Thy disregarded name shall save?

Honor, and Wealth, and Learning's store,
The votive urn remembers long;
And even 'the annals of the poor,'
' Live in their Bard's immortal song.

But a blank stone best stories thee,
Whom Sense, nor Wealth, nor Fame could find:
Poorer than aught beside we see;
A human form without a mind.

A casket gemless! — yet for thee
Pity suspends the tender wail;
For Reason shall a moral see
While Memory paints thy simple tale.

Yes, it shall paint thy humble form,
Clad decent in it's lowly weed,
Happy in harmless wandering's charm,
And pleas'd thy father's flock to feed.

With vacant reckless smile she bore
Patient the scorner's cruel jest;
With unfix'd gaze would pass it o'er,
And turn it pointless from her breast.

Her tongue, unable to display
The unform'd chaos of her mind!
No sense it's rude sounds could convey,
But to parental instinct kind.

Yet close to every human form
Clings Imitation's mimic power,
And she was fond and proud to own
The school-time's regulated hour:

And o'er the mutilated page
Mutter'd the seeming lesson's tone;
And ere the scholar's task was said,
Brought over and anon her own.

And many a truant boy would seek,
And drag reluctant to his place;
And even the master's solemn rule,
Would mock with grave and apt grimace.

Each heart humane could freely love
A nature so estrang'd from wrong;
And even infants would protect
Her from the passing traveller's tongue!

But her prime joy was still to be
Where holy congregations bow;
Rapt in wild transports when they sung,
And, when they pray'd, would bend her low.

O Nature! wheresoe'er thou art,
Some latent worship still is there!
Blush! ye whose form without a heart,
The Idiot's plea can never share!

Poor guileless thing! just eighteen years
Parental cares had rear'd alone;
Then (lest thou e'er shouldst want those cares,)
Heaven took thee spotless to his own.

Full many a watching eye of love
Thy sickness and thy death did cheer;
And Reason, while she joys, approves
The instinct of a parent's tear.

Poor guileless thing! forgot by men,
The heaving turf directs to thee;
' 'Tis all thou art' to mortal ken
But Faith beyond the grave can see.

For what a burst of mind shall glow,
When, disencumber'd from this clod,
Thou, who on earth couldst nothing know,
Shalt rise to comprehend thy God!

Oh! could thy spirit teach us now,
Full many a truth the gay might learn;
The value of a blameless life
Full many a scorner might discern.

Yes! they might learn who waste their time,
What it must be to *know no sin*,
They who pollute the soul's sweet prime,
What to be spotless pure within.

Go! then, and seek her humble grave,
All ye who sport in Folly's ray,
And as the gale the grass shall wave,
List to a voice that seems to say:

' 'Tis not the measure of your powers,
To which the eternal meed is given;
'Tis wasted or improved hours,
Which forfeit or secure your heaven!"

THE CONTENTED SOLDIER.

I HEAR the rain-drops patt'ring fast
Upon my canvass'd roof;
I see it bending to the blast,
But still 'tis tempest proof.

And as upon my bed of straw
Expecting sleep I lie,
I fear no fragile casement's flaw,
My bed is warm and dry.

Dear is to me that humble bed
When tir'd with Duty's call;
For sweet the soldier's sleep can be,
If Conscience does not gall.

Then give the great their beds of down,
And Affluence all it's charms;
The morning shall not see me frown
When Duty calls to arms.

J. M. L.

March 5, 1810.

AIRS

In the new Opera of the MANIAC, *or the* SWISS BANDITTI.

AIR.

Mrs. Mountain.

The night was dark, the storm was nigh,
The hollow winds did roar;
Yet Mary with her love would hie,
And leave her father's door.

Ah, silly maid! you little knew,
How quickly doom'd to grieve;
Men do but flatter to subdue!
But conquer to deceive.

UNACCOMPANIED AIR.

Mrs. Mountain.

The longest of lanes has a turning they say,
And there must be an end of the longest long day;
But the maiden who virtue for promises gave,
Has no end to repentance but in the cold grave!

CHARADE I.

MY first is a term to praise and proclaim,
A hallow'd, supreme, and omnipotent name;
My second expresses a strong nervous charm,
Which will obstacles conquer, and trials disarm:
My whole is an act which the conscience approves,
Which rectitude dictates, and pure virtue loves.

CHARADE II.

THE cynic world perhaps may say,
My first begins to fade away;
Or more—that it's no longer found
On Britain's highly-favor'd ground:
But I will boldly now declare,
My first is still as pure and fair
As when the poet's golden age
Was painted on Fictition's page;
I feel it's charms—I know it's worth,
The greatest good to man on earth;
Therefore no longer let me hear
My first exists not in this sphere.
My second is my country's pride,
'Tis like the polar star a guide,
Conducting valor from our shore,
Or leading science to explore
The hidden treasures of the earth,
And giving truth and knowlege birth.
My whole 's a casket, which contains
An antidote for all Life's pains.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Copenhagen, Jan. 24.

THE treaty of peace between Sweden and France was signed on the 6th inst. by the minister for foreign affairs, the Duke of Candore, and the Swedish plenipotentiary Count Essen and Baron Lagerbeilke; it was immediately sent off by M. Von Krassow. The conditions are as follow: Pomerania is restored to Sweden; France guarantees the present possession of the crown of Sweden. Sweden concedes to the continental system, yet with the exception of salt, which may be imported. The exportation of goods from Swedish harbours in Swedish bottoms is free: the contributions imposed in Swedish Pomerania, but not yet paid, are remitted; the grant made by the French emperor in Swedish Pomerania are to be confirmed: Spain, Holland, Naples, and the Confederacy of the Rhine, are included in this treaty of peace; all Swedish ships taken or sequestered since the accession of King Charles XIII. to the Swedish throne shall be restored with their cargoes (colonial produce excepted); the antient relations of commerce between the two kingdoms are to be restored, and the merchants shall be treated in both countries as the most favored nations; the prisoners of war shall be returned in a mass, and the ratifications shall be exchanged within fifty days at latest.

Stockholm, Jan. 26. It was the day before yesterday that the prince royal publicly and solemnly had taken his oath of fidelity, and received the homage of the states. This imposing ceremony took place in the hall of the throne. His majesty opened the assembly by a discourse, after which the hereditary prince mounted upon the steps of the throne, took off his crown, and upon his knees, with his hand upon the Bible, took the oath according to the formula, which the minister for foreign affairs read to him. The oath being taken, the prince royal delivered a short harangue, replaced himself his crown upon his head, kissed his hand to the king, and returned and seated himself in his chair, where the states did homage to him according to the formula, which was also read by the minister for foreign affairs.

Jan. 29. On the 24th of January, Prince Christian Augustus, prince royal elect, was introduced into the assembly of the states by his majesty the king, who, in a pathetic discourse, declared that he adopted him for his son, giving him the name of Charles Gustavus. The debt of our kingdom is now estimated at forty millions, of which, during the last two years, no part of either the capital or interest has been discharged.

Heligoland, Jan. 26. The rumor of Napoleon's intended marriage to a Saxon princess is now contradicted in an indirect official way in the Hamburgh Correspondenten, and other German newspapers.

The corps of Oudinot, which was to have occupied the territories of Hanover and Hamburgh, has received contrary orders, and is to remain for the present in the south of Germany.

The French force remaining in the territories of the Confederation of the

Rhine, and in other conquered German countries not yet disposed of, will amount to more than 100,000 men; and this gives rise to a variety of conjectures.

A number of persons assert, that in less than a twelvemonth war will break out between France and Russia, on account of the disposition of the latter power towards the Poles in the dutchy of Warsaw. Many well-informed persons seem to give credit to this conjecture.

Inspruck, Jan. 31. The following order of the day, has been this day published by Count Von Erlon, general of division, and commander of the Bavarian corps: 'Andreas Hofer, innkeeper, and chief of the insurgents in the Tyrol, who has so often broke his plighted faith, and never ceased to mislead the people by false insinuations, has been taken prisoner by the troops of his majesty the Emperor of France and King of Italy, which occupy the southern Tyrol.'

A letter from Botzen, of the 30th of January, contains the following particulars respecting the taking of Hofer:— 'Yesterday the innkeeper Hofer, the late leader of the insurgents in the Tyrol, with one of his associates and his secretary, was brought in here prisoner under an escort of 400 French troops. According to the account of the soldiers who accompanied him, he had for six weeks absented himself from his dwelling at St. Martin, in the district of Passee, and kept himself concealed in a remote part of the mountains, where he had built himself a hut. In this hut, at the time he was taken, was found some hard bread and dried flesh. It was very difficult to find his retreat in the mountainous country covered with snow; but he was betrayed by one of his companions. He will to-day be conducted along the road to Italy, and, it is said, will be carried to Mantua.

Madrid, Feb. 1.

Government of Madrid and of New Castile.

Order of the Day, Jan. 31, 1810.

'The king left Cordova on the 28th, and intended to sleep that night at Ecija.

'The junta has quitted Seville. That city has sent deputies, and his majesty will doubtless enter it before the end of the month.

'Grenada has opened it's gates. The enemy's armies are dispersing. Prisoners, cannon, and stores, are incessantly collecting.

'The king is every where received as a beloved father, arriving in the midst of his children, after a long and painful absence. This is the infallible effect of the comparison which all the inhabitants make between the tyranny and violence of the junta, and the beneficence of his majesty, who brings peace and security to every family.

'The army enjoys abundance. It returns the good reception it meets with from the inhabitants, by the most exact discipline and respect to persons and property. (Signed)

'The Governor General,

'Augustus Belliard.'

Government of Madrid and of New Castile.

Order of the Day, Jan, 31, 1810.

'The troops of his majesty the emperor and king have entered Cordova and Jaen. In every part of the army's line of march, the inhabitants testify the greatest satisfaction at being rescued from the tyranny of the junta. All the citizens remain in the bosom of their families.

'The insurgents seem to have had the intention of defending Jaen, where there were found 46 pieces of cannon, and a great quantity of military stores and provisions.

'The total of the prisoners exceeds 7000, among whom are a number of officers. There are between 3000 and 4000 wandering in the mountains, and several of them are hourly brought in, exclusive of a great number who have thrown away their arms, and are returning to their homes, whence they have been carried by violence. Arrizaga, in his flight to the mountains of Grenada, was scarcely able to get 5000 of the poor wretches to follow him.

'These happy results afford the consoling hope of seeing the war in Spain terminate speedily and without bloodshed.

'The king continues to enjoy the best state of health. The gratitude of the inhabitants, and the frank expressions of their joy, are, to his majesty's heart, the most flattering reward of his clemency and paternal bounty.

'A column of infantry and cavalry, which left Madrid three days ago, under the orders of the chief of squadron Soubeyran, has fallen in with, and routed a numerous corps of brigands, near Santa Cruz de la Sarza.

'On the 29th this officer came up with them, from 100 to 150, near the

village of Prado. He instantly charged them at the head of 25 chasseurs of the 26th regiment, killed 20 of them on the spot, and took 18 horses. The rest fled in the greatest disorder.

(Signed) 'BELLIARD.'

Lisbon, Feb. 10. We have been in some degree of bustle for some days past, occasioned by the unexpected surrender of Seville, and very unexpected advance of the enemy upon Cadiz.

In consequence of a demand for succours from the latter place, four fine regiments were embarked here four days ago; but the wind proving contrary, no exertions could get the transports over the bar till yesterday. The wind has since veered about, and we trust their voyage will be short.

The reports of the hour are, that the Spaniards have thrown considerable succours into Cadiz. All accounts agree that the fleet lying there has got out.

Vienna, Feb. 13. It is generally reported here, that her Imperial Highness the Archduchess Maria Louisa, the eldest daughter of the emperor, born on the 12th of December 1791, is to be married to a great sovereign. This rumor derives some credit, from the fact of a foreign ambassador having had a private audience with her the day he was presented to the empress.

Hanover, Feb. 16. The French authorities received dispatches this day from Cassel, announcing, we understand, the union of Hanover with the kingdom of Westphalia. His excellency the governor general, Lasalcette, convoked, at one o'clock, the members of the commission of government, to whom he communicated the dispatches. The day after tomorrow a numerous deputation of the states and colleges is to proceed to Cassel.

French papers of the 21st Feb. contain the decree for the union of the Roman state to France, of which it is in future to form an integral part. The state of Rome, thus united, is to form two departments, viz. the department of Rome, and the department of Tresimene; the former to send seven deputies, and the latter four, to the legislative body. The city of Rome is to be the second city of the empire, and the hereditary imperial prince is to enjoy the titles and honors of king of Rome. There is to be at Rome a prince of the blood, or a grand dignitary of the empire, who is to hold the court of the emperor.

After having been crowned in the church at Notre Dame, at Paris, the emperors will be crowned in the church of St. Peter's at Rome before the tenth year of their reign.

The second part of this decree provides for the independence of the imperial throne of all earthly authority.

After their exaltation, the popes are to make oath never to do any thing contrary to the four propositions of the Gallican church, agreed to in the assembly of the clergy in 1682.

The third part respects the temporal existence of the popes. He is to have palaces in several parts of the empire where he may wish to reside, and, of course, one at Rome and one at Paris, with a revenue of two millions.

Mantua, Feb. 21. The person named Hofer, otherwise Longbeard, who rendered himself conspicuous in the war and disorders that have ruined the Tyrol, was tried the day before yesterday and condemned by a military commission, as a leader in the insurrection, to death. The sentence was executed yesterday on him, in the presence of a vast concourse of spectators.

Vienna, Feb. 24. The Prince of Neufchatel and Wagram is arrived with a retinue of more than one hundred persons. We are assured that this plenipotentiary is accompanied by two hundred chosen men of the imperial guard of the Emperor Napoleon, who, immediately after the celebration of the marriage, will form the guard of the Empress Maria Louisa. According to other accounts, these troops will not come further than Brannau, where they will await the arrival of their new sovereign.

Her Imperial Highness the Archduchess Maria Louisa has sent her portrait, executed by a most able artist, to his imperial and Royal Majesty the Emperor Napoleon, together with a letter to his majesty, written with her own hand. We are assured likewise, that this princess has likewise received several from the Emperor Napoleon, in his own hand, and his portrait surrounded with diamonds. The Emperor Francis I. has ordered that medals shall be struck on account of this marriage, which shall preserve to the most distant posterity the memory of this happy event.

HOME NEWS.

Falmouth, Feb. 17.

WE are concerned to announce the loss of his Majesty's sloop of war, Wild-boar, of 16 guns, Captain Burton. She sailed from Falmouth on Thursday morning, with dispatches for Portugal, at four p. m. on the same day, she struck on the Rundlestones, near the Land's End. The shock was so great, that she filled in the short space of 15 minutes, and went down. The consternation of the officers and crew was great, as they did not suppose she would go down so soon. Some of them were actually between decks at the time she sank. Boats and rafts, as usual in such extremities, were resorted to, and happy were those who could escape, abandoning every part of their property but the clothes they wore. The officers arrived at Plymouth, on Saturday, in a miserable plight. Twelve men and a boy perished.

Plymouth, Feb. 17. — Admiral Dixon hoisted his flag on board the Quebec frigate yesterday morning, and is ordered to Cadiz immediately, with the whole of the ships at this port ready for sea. Arrived the Africa, Dictator, and Serapis, from the eastward. The Bourbonnaise frigate, which arrived here on Sunday last from the Cape of Good Hope, brought home as a state prisoner a Mr. Michael Kelly, who held a situation in the victualling department at the Cape. His crime is stated to be "exciting an insurrection among the black slaves," by whom he was elected a *general*. Two of his associates, a self-createned *colonel*, and a subaltern, were tried with him at the Cape, and sentenced to suffer death: the two former were executed there; but Kelly, having subsequently confessed that he was concerned in the murder of some Irish families during the late rebellion, was sent home, and is now confined in Plymouth Clink, strongly ironed, awaiting the pleasure of government as to his disposal.

Liverpool, Feb. 17.—The sufferers by the falling in of St. Nicholas's church are 23 in number; 16 of whom were girls under 12 years, two under 15, a lad of 14, and three women and a woman of advanced ages.

Yarmouth, Feb. 18.—Arrived a flag of truce from the Texel, and has brought over several passengers, and 32 seamen, the remaining part of the crew of the Flora frigate, which was lost on the coast of Holland. The French having garrisoned the principal ports, no more flags of truce will be permitted to enter or sail from any of the ports of Holland. All the large ships in the Texel were gone up, and there were lying at the Texel only one frigate, a sloop, and a few smaller vessels, when the flag of truce left the Texel.

Portsmouth, Feb. 19. — On Monday night, Mr. Bowden, gunner of his Majesty's ship Rose, stabbed Mr. John Pringle, master's-mate of that ship, at the Wheatsheaf Coffeehouse, of which wound he soon afterwards died. Mr. Pringle had been left on board the Rose, as commanding officer, with directions not to leave the ship; instead of which he enticed Mr. Bowden to go on shore. They walked to the half-way house together, and afterwards went to the

Wheatsheaf, at about 11 o'clock at night, to drink some grog. Pringle said he would not leave the house till he had had supper, and ordered some accordingly. Bowden went out of the house with a supposed intention of going on board; he however returned in about five minutes, and finding the deceased at supper, he was persuaded to sit down to partake with him. Several persons were in the adjoining boxes of the coffee-room, and were witnesses that no angry words passed between them. A female servant saw the whole transaction, as she was bringing them some beer. Bowden asked Pringle if he would now go on board? The latter answered, "No, I will not, till I have seen my girl;" and Pringle, while so expressing himself, put his knife into Bowden's face, apparently by way of joke, and in perfectly good humor. It however made his face bleed in a trifling degree. — Bowden instantly took his knife off the table, and stabbed Pringle on the left breast, between the third and fourth ribs, with such violence, that the blow forced the deceased against the partition of the box, and made it shake: the knife entered the breast about four inches and a half, and penetrated the heart. He lived about an hour and a half, but did not speak above a dozen words, as he fainted, and was afterwards delirious. Bowden did not attempt to escape, but said that the handle of his (Bowden's) knife was on the table, with the point upwards, and that when the deceased bent forwards and struck him in the face, he fell on his knife.—A jury was summoned, and returned a verdict of *Wilful murder*. Bowden is committed for trial upon the coroner's decision.

Walsall, Feb. 21. The following distressing accident occurred here, on Sunday the 18th ult.: — Joseph Eades, of Tipton, and his wife, having come over to spend the day with her brother, Joseph Smith, who is a gun-barrel borer at Walsall, the latter, in the course of the afternoon, whilst they and several neighbours were sitting together very sociably, gave Eades a gun, desiring him to take it home with him as a present to one of his sons. None of the parties knew of the gun being loaded, and Eades himself having examined the pan, and seeing no priming, formed the same conclusion; but on trying the cock, to the horror of all present, the piece, which proved to be loaded with shot, and must have primed itself by turning about, went off, and the contents were lodged in the body of his own wife, who was sitting immediately opposite to him. The agonized state of the husband and brother may be better conceived that described. The unfortunate woman lived only two hours, leaving eight children to deplore her fate.

Dublin, Feb. 22. Yesterday morning a meeting took place near the Man of War, in the county of Dublin, between Mr. Drew and Mr. O'Brian, both attornies, when upon the first fire the former received a mortal wound, and instantly died. The survivor and his second are in custody at the head office of police, Exchange-Court.

Sheerness, Feb. 22. Thursday last as a party of soldiers on furlough, belonging to the East Norfolk militia, lying at Sheerness, were crossing the water to South End, Essex, the boat upset, and the passengers, consisting of about 18 or 19, were immersed in the water. By this accident, two men, a serjeant and corporal, two women and an infant child, were unfortunately drowned. Great praise is due to the ships' crews in the river, for their prompt exertions in putting off to the assistance of the unhappy sufferers. They succeeded in saving the lives of the rest.

London, Feb. 23. The army estimates for the year 1810 have been printed, and laid before the house of commons. — The amount of the land-forces, including various miscellaneous services, is 207,002. Regiments in the East Indies, 30,547. Troops and companies for recruiting ditto, 509. Embodied militia, 109,371. Foreign corps, 23,953, making a total of 371,382: from which, if there be deducted 30,547, the amount of the regiments in the East Indies, there will remain a force of 340,835, to be provided for. Of these, the expence of the portion for England is 12,223,216*l.* 1*s.* 8*d.*; and in Ireland, 3,063,884*l.* 3*s.* 8*d.*; making a total of 15,287,100*l.* 5*s.* 4*d.*

London, Feb. 26. The body of the Hon. Mr. Eden has, at length, been found It was discovered yesterday morning, about 12 o'clock, by a waterman of the name of Weston, floating off Mill-Bank, who, after landing it at the Horse-ferry, conveyed it to the Brown Bear public-house in the neighbourhood. The body, although in a putrid state, was immediately identified by the servants of Lord Auckland, and others. In the pocket of the deceased was found his pocket-book,

in which was a memorandum for 600*l.* paid into Drummond's, the banker; and on him was also found his watch. A coroner's inquest will be held on the body this evening, at the Brown Bear.

Lord Castlereagh and his friends attended on Friday at Clerkenwell sessions, to prefer an indictment against Mr. J. Gale Jones, the conductor of the British Forum, for a libel; and at four in this afternoon, the Jury returned a true bill.

Falmouth, Feb. 25. Appeared off this port, the ship John of Gaunt, Captain Gibson, from Martinique, and proceeded on for Liverpool, after a passage of 39 days. The expedition against Guadaloupe had not sailed when she left; they were waiting the arrival of a packet from England, when it was expected that they would immediately proceed.

Portsmouth, Feb. 27. Arrived the Persian, 18 guns, from Gibralter and Cadiz, with dispatches from Admiral Purvis. She sailed from Cadiz on the 12th at which time the Spaniards were still in possession, and not apprehensive of a speedy attack. The Persian left Lord Collingwood off St. Sebastian's, on the 25th ult. Lord Collingwood had understood that the French fleet were out of Toulon, and his lordship expected to fall in with them the next day (the 26th). The Persian left Gibralter on the 5th, and carried General Bowes to Cadiz. There were 2500 troops lying at Gibraltar, in transports, under weigh for Cadiz. The Bulwark, Volontaire frigate, Minstrel, Nereus, and Wizard, were at Gibraltar when the Persian sailed. She left at Cadiz the Atlas, Invincible, Zealous, and Triumph. Arrived also the Norge, Captain Ranier, with the Hon. Mr. Villiers and suite on board, from Lisbon, after ten days' passage. Came in the Port Malton, from a cruise. The Ranger, from Tobago, captured by the king of Naples privateer, and re-captured by the Port Mahon brig, after being in possession of the enemy eight hours, has arrived also.

London, Feb. 27. A riot took place on Friday morning at the Corn Exchange, Mark-Lane, in consequence of an abdicated stand being taken possession of by one party, and the attack of another, in order to dispossess the first. The market for a time was in a state of uproar, and many a hard blow given during the conflict.

The governors of Portugal have made an addition of 12 per cent. to the pay of their military officers in active service, upon the recommendation of Mr. Villiers, accompanied with an assurance that this increased expenditure will be made good by the British government.

Portsmouth, March 1. On Saturday last, a party, consisting of six persons, were crossing from the Isle of Wight to Titchfield Hants, when a strong breeze sprung up, and the boat was driven on shore. Of the six persons present, two only escaped.

London, March 1. Dispatches were yesterday received from Admiral Purvis, which confirm, we understand, the intelligence contained in the private letters respecting the advance of the French into the neighbourhood of Cadiz. They had not so late as the 12th of last month made any disposition for investing that city. The British and Spanish squadrons were in perfect safety.

Dispatches were also received from Lord Collingwood, dated the 25th January, off St. Sebastians. He was in daily expectation of falling in with the Toulon fleet, of the sailing of which he was apprized. His lordship had seventeen sail of the line with him.

Accounts have been received by a vessel which sailed from Antigua on the 21st of January, that the expedition against Guadaloupe was to sail on the 25th of that month. General Ernouf is said to have withdrawn to Basseterre, with the principal part of his force.

London, March 5. An order was issued on Saturday from the war-office for the immediate embarkation of twenty-four companies of the 1st, 2d, and 3d regiments, forming 1800 men.

March 5. The amount of outstanding exchequer bills, up to the latest period at which the same can be made up, is forty millions eight hundred and twenty-seven thousand two hundred pounds.

The receipt of legacy duty last year exceeded that of the preceding one by more than one-half; and, from an investigation of the business in that office, it appears that it will be productive in a three-fold degree when the intended arrangement takes place.

The Canada transport is expected to sail in a few days from the river, with female convicts from Botany Bay. In consequence of the facility with which the male convicts, at the expiration of their sentence, can leave the settlement, by entering on board the different merchant vessels which touch there, the

number of females is greater in proportion than it ought to be.

March 7. The sum of 1600l. was on Monday paid into the exchequer, by the direction of Mr. Perceval; to whom it had come inclosed in an anonymous letter, describing it to be the amount of certain duties which had been omitted to be paid, and of which the person who sent it was not anxious to defraud the public. A sum of 200l., received in a similar manner, was paid into the exchequer some months ago.

March 9. A shocking catastrophe occurred on Wednesday afternoon, a short distance from Rathbone-place, in Oxford-Street. Two countrymen, rather inebriated, were walking together, when one of them having jocularly attempted to take an umbrella from his companion, they both fell, and the wheels of a hackney-coach, which was passing briskly at the time, went over the neck of one of them, and killed him on the spot.

March 10. Yesterday morning Mr. Hase communicated to the gentlemen of the stock exchange the contents of a letter received that morning at the Bank of England, from the chancellor of the exchequer, to the following purport: That Mr. Perceval intended, in the course of next week, to make a proposition to parliament for the funding of a sum not exceeding 8,000,000l. exchequer bills, dated between the 20th of February 1809, and 16th March 1810, both inclusive, upon the following terms: For 100l. principal money subscribed, it is proposed to give 103l. 5s. in the navy five per cents. In the event of the whole of that sum being subscribed, Mr. Perceval states it to be his intention not to propose any addition to the navy five per cents. this session. On the proposition being approved by parliament, the time allowed for subscriptions being received, and other particulars relative thereto, will be made public. Interest to commence from the 5th of January last.

March 12. A mail from New York arrived on Saturday, with papers to the 31st of January. The bill for prohibiting the commercial intercourse between the United States and Great-Britain and France, after two days' debate, was ordered for a third reading by a majority of 17 votes. A bill had passed the senate, authorising the president to equip vessels of war, and grant convoys to merchant ships, for their protection against British cruizers.

March 15. Yesterday a court of common council was held at Guildhall, for the purpose of discussing the plan and estimate for improving Smithfield market, by extending the present site thereof; and also the plan and estimate for the removal of the said market; and, finally, to determine which of the said plans should be adopted.

The committee of city lands presented a report and plans for the removal of Smithfield market; on which a long debate took place, and on the question being put on an amendment, the lord mayor declared the same to be negatived. On a division,

There were for the removal	79
Against it	76
Majority for removing the market to a field between Sadler's Wells and Islington	3

Previous to the consideration of the question, a petition for the removal of the market, signed by upwards of 200 merchants, bankers, and others, was presented by Mr. Slade, and no doubt greatly contributed to the final decision in favor of the removal, in preference to the enlargement of the present market.

March 15. Intelligence was this day received of the capture of the island of Guadaloupe; in consequence of which the Park and Tower guns were fired, and the following letter sent to the Lord Mayor,

"Downing-Street, March 15.

"My Lord,—I have the honor to inform your Lordship, that Captain Wilby arrived at my office last night, from Lieutenant-General Sir George Beckwith, with the account of the surrender of the island of Guadaloupe, by capitulation, on the 6th of February, after a short but severe contest, very creditable to his Majesty's service. The loss, on the part of his Majesty's service, consists of 4 lieutenants, 3 serjeants, and 45 rank and file killed, and about 250 wounded.

"I have the honor, &c.

"LIVERPOOL."

"Admiralty Office, March 15, at Noon.

"My Lord,—I have the satisfaction of acquainting your Lordship, that the island of Guadaloupe has surrendered to his Majesty's forces, after some resistance on the part of the enemy.

"The last division of the forces was landed on the 30th of January, and the capitulation, by which General Ernouff

and the whole garrison became prisoners of war, was signed on the 6th of February.

"It adds considerably to the satisfaction I feel, in communicating to your Lordship this important acquisition, to be able to acquaint you, that it has been effected without any loss on the part of his Majesty's naval service.

"I have the honor to be, &c.

(Signed) "MULGRAVE."

"To the Lord Mayor, &c."

BIRTHS.

Feb. 17. The lady of Dr. Yellowly, of Finsbury-Square, of a daughter.

22. In New-Street, Spring-Gardens, the Hon. Mrs. Morris, the lady of Edw. Morris, Esq. M. P. of a daughter.

23. In Cumberland-Street, Portman-Square, the Lady of W. Lushington, jun. Esq. of a daughter.

24. The lady of W. Berkley, Esq. of Billiter-Square, of a son and heir.

At his house in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, the lady of Thomas Peregrine Courtenay, Esq. of a son.

March 3. In Baker-Street, the lady of Sir Harry Verelst Darel, Bart. of a daughter.

6. At Grenwich, the lady of L. H. Smith, Esq. of a son.

7. The lady of G. S. Holroyd, Esq. of a son.

8. At Guildhall, the lady of the City Remembrancer of a son; her fourteenth child.

MARRIAGES.

Feb. 14. At Hull, Mr. Thomas Mawhood, to Miss Marianne Leigh, fourth daughter of the late Robert Leigh, Esq. all of that place.

March 1. At Putney, John Pooley Kensington, of Lime Grove, Esq. to Anne, eldest daughter of the late Rev. Edmund Rawlins, of Pophill's-House, Warwickshire, and Rector of Dorsington, in the county of Gloucester.

6. At St. George's Hanover-Square, Mr. Palmer, of Russell-Place, Fitzroy-Square, to Miss J. Shee, of Half Moon-Street, Piccadilly.

17. At St. John the Evangelist, Westminster, Robert Hughes, Esq. to Miss Susan Watts, of the Horseferry-Road.

21. At St. George's, Hanover-Square, Charles Mills, Esq. M. P. for Warwick, to Miss Digby, daughter of the late Honorable W. Digby, of Mereden, Warwickshire.

DEATHS.

Feb. 9. At Lympstone, in Devonshire, Lady Charles Fitzroy, in the 31st year of her age.

14. At Edinburgh, Mrs. Ch. Dundas, sister to Viscount Melville.

15. Mr. Thos. Dawson, of Kingston, Surry, aged 41.

At the parsonage-house, Hampstead, truly beloved and lamented by her afflicted parents and friends, Emily-Sarah, third daughter of the Rev. Sam. White, A. M. Rector of that parish.

23. At his residence, Belvidere-Lodge, St. George's-Fields, at the advanced age of 72, Sir Watkin Lewis, Knt. and one of the Aldermen of the City of London.

At his house, St. Ann's-Place, Limehouse, Adam Steinmetz, Esq. in his 53d year.

At his apartments, No. 6, Lad-lane, after a short illness, Mr. Joseph Bourne, aged 74.

24. On Saturday evening, at his house, St. Paul's Church-yard, Robert Smith, Esq. in the 70th year of his age.

At Chesterhill, near Felford, Adam Yelloly, Esq. He died unmarried; and his fortune, which is considerable, goes to W. Watson, Esq. of Warren House, Northumberland.

Feb. 25. On Sunday last, in the 30th year of his age, Mr. John Cooke, of York-place, Kingsland-road, formerly of Paternoster-row, bookseller.

27. Aged 33, Edward Warren, Esq. of Lincoln's-inn Old-square, barrister at law.

March 1. At her house in Chiswich, Mrs. Whalley, relict of the late Rev. Mr. W. Whalley, Rector of Presteign and Lentwardine.

At his house, in Sunderland, in the 81st year of his age, John Hopton, Esq. Prussian Consul at that port.